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ADULT READING

Adam

VOL. 10 NO. 10

**THE STRANGE
"BLUE DEATH" THAT
STALKS DRINKERS!**

**CLAUDIA
CARDINALE:
Kitten
With Claws**

**The New Horror
That Haunts London**

plus three captivating
Hollywood
girls in the nude!



**SHE'S
A
WINNER!**

ABOUT A YEAR AGO ADAM featured a cover article on bombshell stripper Joni Carson of Chuck Landis' famous Club Largo on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. The article told how Joni (who has since replaced Miss Beverly Hills as the Largo's star attraction) got into stripping. "I had seen a story on Chuck Landis and his Largo Club in a magazine. Well, in that article Chuck said

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*This month's ADAM'S EVE is a wow!
For more of beautiful Christine Reid
see page 32 . . .*

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CLAUDIA CARDINALE: KITTEN WITH



RISING TO GREET US from the long, sleek sofa in the Beverly Hills hotel suite that was "home" while in Hollywood, Italian sex goddess Claudia Cardinale, purred like a fat, sassy kitten.

"Ah," she said in a delightful Italian accent, "the men from the magazine. In Italy we do not have such magazines. All those girls without clothing. Tsk. Tsk. We Italians are such prudes about nudity... most Latins are ynu know. About sex, no. Nudity, si."

Then Claudia bade us sit and instructed, in very rapid Italian, her secretary to bring coffee. "Unless the gentlemen prefer something stronger?" Again it was a purr. Then she slumped back to the sofa and sort of settled into its contours. That was when what had been so obvious all along, struck like a thunderbolt. Claudia Cardinale is a cat. A sleek, beautiful pussycat.

As a matter of fact, it was the noted Italian director Luchino Visconti who first went on record describing Claudia as a member of the feline family.

"Claudia," Visconti said, "is a cat. A splendid cat stretched out on a beautiful couch, waiting to be petted but the man who would stretch out his hand to pet must watch out. The cat will suddenly become a tigress and sooner or later, she will tear apart her would-be tamer!"

With coffee in hand, we proceeded to ask Claudia some questions — after she told us that she does not drink coffee because she doesn't like the taste it leaves in her mouth. And naturally our first question concerned American men.

"American men," she said, throwing — turn to page 22

CLAWS
by RON NABORS

Claudia thinks American
men aren't much
on security — but
good in several other ways



He fell in love with her voice, then fell apart
when he found that he'd already had her body

BIG BOB'S NIGHT OWL SHOW

by DAVID MADDEN

This is WCOC, your music, news and sports station in Nashville, Tennessee, the country musical capital of the world, 1240 on your dial. . . You in the mood for the finest female vocalist in the nation? Then, honey, *who* you're in the mood for is Kitty Welles, the Queen herself, and I mean this one is so shiny-new, it ain't felt the needle yet. Friends and neighbors, Miss Kitty Welles, singing

'The Last Laugh Made Me Cry' — on the Big Bob Travis Night Owl Show. Where else?"

With a twist of his wrist, Big Bob turned down the pot. "That ought to hold you silly sons-of-bitches a while." Lifting his index finger off the edge of the record turn-table 4, he turned up pot 7, glancing at the monitor needle with one eye, catching the orange flicker of the telephone signal with the other.

"WCOC, Big Bob, what fer ye?"

"I'd know that breathing anywhere."

"All I've got on is the —"

"Radio. That's what *she* said."

"Who said?"

"The one on the calendar."

"Me, I'm on the bed."

"Look, Anita, I got to eue some tapes."

"When you gonna tape my measure-

ments?"

"Listen, do I have to play the 'Star-spangled Banner' to let you know I'm signing off?"

"Devil!"

Big Bob dropped the receiver into the cradle at his hip like John Wayne dropping his pistol into his holster, and swiveled to the multi-tape machine. In the dial box of one of them, he saw the orange flicker, but ignored

—turn to page 9

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BIG BOB, from page 7

it. The tapes set to roll, he announced Lefty Frizzell with an old favorite, and jerked the phone up and slashed, "WCOG!"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby..."

"Who's this?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Not a speck. You all sound alike to me."

"You all *what*?"

"You damn telephone dolls."

"My name's Morina."

"Come to think, you don't sound like the others at all."

"There's more to me than the sound."

"Like you figure there's more to me than my voice on the radio?"

"Why else would they call you *Big Bob*?"

Then she had never seen him in public, emceed dances and conventions. The photographs showed the wide shoulders, and with the voice, which was the main reason for the name, he did look bigger than 5'7".

"If listening to me tears you up so much, how come you've never caught any of my pictures? Town's plastered with them."

"I'm from out of town."

"But not out of the state. That's Tennessee you're talking."

"Chattanooga. I'm in town to settle some of my husband's affairs."

"I stick to one at a time myself."

"No. I mean business affairs. He died recently, suddenly, and I'm penniless till next month. Then I'll be rich."

"You sound rich right now."

"I feel lousy."

"Hotel room?"

"Yes."

"View of the Parthenon?"

"Yes."

"Blue lights?"

"Yes, and not a soul on the streets."

"And me and Kitty Welles and Lefty Frizzell on the radio."

"With me — on the bed by the window, the lights out."

"And the bottle down — way the hell down, towards the bottom."

"Do I sound drunk?"

"You sound fine."

"I feel lousy."

"You said that."

"I'll say it again."

"I'd hate for you to."

"Well, I can sound happy."

"If you just had a good reason?"

"Yeah, a big reason."

"Uph, there goes Lefty! Hold on, sweet breath."

Slipping the phone between two buttons on his shirt, he let go tape 2, then rilled through the rack for a soft one by Goldie Hill, who sounded a little like Morina. Fading out the tape,

he turned up the main pot. "Neighbors, had a call just now from a fella who says he can't get Morina off his mind. She won't answer the phone, and he knows she's home, so he wants to reach her through Goldie Hill with 'Blue Midnight.' Goldie, honey, he's that poor boy out, will you?"

Pulling the phone from under his shirt, he heard the dull throb of a line on which the other party had hung up.

The clock in Studio C said eleven forty-five. An hour and fifteen minutes until sign-off. She would call back. Some of them played that game.

But after he had spun four, all with titles that spoke to her, he decided that she was a one-shot girl. Impulse. A strange town, a lonely hotel room, a reckless, harmless moment, and that type ended it there. But girls like that stayed with him more hauntingly than the one who called every night.

Adam



"It's from Dad, he wants to know what your intentions are."

The orange light pulsed.

"Big Bob, what can I do for ye, neighbor?"

"Hi."

"Hi, Boots."

"See you at one?"

"You better believe it."

"Be parked in front of the bank."

"See you, Boots."

He hung up and hoped Morina would call. She *was* different. The same suggestive talk, but a distant, misty voice, full of genuine longing. "Softly, softly, softly, baby..." That got him. He kept hearing it, just the way it sounded over the phone.

A few more called before sign-off: Judy, Carla, and Loretta. But not Morina. He put away "The Star-Spangled Bummer" and went around the station turning out all the machines and the lights. In twenty years of broadcasting, since he got his first show back in the great days of radio

when he was 16, he had never gotten used to the sense of complete deadness that set in progressively as he shut off the control board, the tape machine, the teletype, the coffee pot, then the studio lights last. The mikes stood mute in the studio or squat on the tables. In that moment before he touched the knob, the stone-deaf darkness seemed to rise up like a woolly blanket and hover at his back. Closing the door behind him was always a relief. But at the click of the automatic lock that December night, he realized that for the first time in ten years one other woman had failed to call. His wife.

PARKED SNUG AGAINST a concrete wall under a viaduct, the motor running, the windows open a crack, Big Bob made love to Boots. But his mind was on Morina — her voice: "Softly, softly, softly, baby." And as Boots let

out the clutch and the car sped toward the parking lot where his Jaguar, a single black, sleek form was parked in an empty lot, he felt once again the absence of his wife's voice: "Bob, will you be coming straight home or are you going to stop at the Back Door for a drink?"

He almost never stopped at the Back Door. He went with Boots instead. Just before getting out of her red Mercury, he would swig from her flask, blurring the taste of her lipstick with the deep kiss of Heaven Hill to make his story stick. The line he had handed Morina was true. Only one affair at a time. Hundreds called in a year, but only 12 were chosen, each lasting about a month. One at a time. He feared complications. So far, none of them had called his home. He kept them reasonably content from seven to one, on the radio and on the

—turn to page 47

BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM

The best reason yet for recognition of China . . .



"THERE COMES a time in every girl's life," quips lovely Lyn-Tie, Hong Kong born Chinese singer and actress, "when she realizes that she either has to get with it or lose—I got with it. Which is kind of a sneaky way of saying that I'm a swinger—pure and simple."

Despite Lyn-Tie's "sneaky" method of statement, what she says is true. As a matter fact, she's probably the "swingiest" thing to come out of China since the invention of gunpowder. Barely twenty-three, sweet Lyn-Tie has already accomplished such feats as feature dancer at the Moulin Rouge, singer at the Pink Pussycat in Hollywood, and star of a stage rendition of "The Flower Drum Song" at the Melodyland theatre of Anaheim, California.





Aside from being successful in her career, Lyn-Tie has some pretty definite opinions regarding life (the way it should be lived), and men (why it should be lived).

"It all boils down to one word," she says, "love. I love life—and to me, 'life' centers around men. I guess it's my oriental upbringing that causes it, but if I'm with a man, or in the company of men, I'm always happy and feel like singing. When there are no men around—I feel sort of lost, aimless."

This philosophy is reflected in her choice of ultimate life-goal. "Someday," she says, smiling, "I will have a man of my very own—a man who loves life and me, in that order." ❀

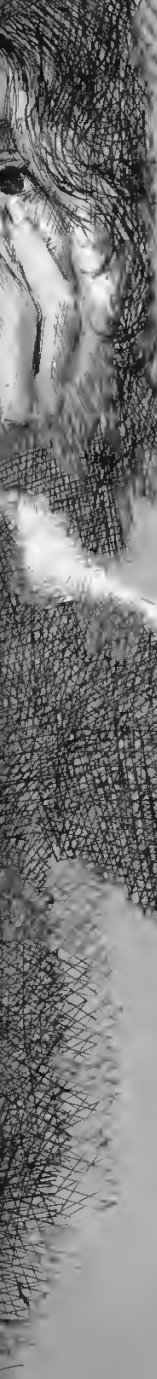


From Hong Kong, center of oriental beauty the world over,



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Being o Lady of the Night in jolly old
London is never easy—but when somebody wants
to corve you up, it's sheer murder

IN A ROOM ON the first floor of Scotland Yard's headquarters
in London, one of the keenest detective minds in England is
trying to look into the sick mind of one of the most dangerous
murderers of the century.

The man whose mind Chief Detective Superintendent John
Du Rose is studying has viciously murdered and mutilated six
women. A seventh victim, like the others stripped and

—turn to page 17

ANOTHER JACK THE RIPPER ON THE PROWL

by FRANKLIN L. THISTLE

**COME
AND GET IT!**

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RIPPER, from page 15

strangled, may now be lying somewhere in West London. And if he is not caught, there may be an eighth murder and a ninth... and more.

Apparently, the killer cannot stop his slaying spree. He appears to be obsessed with a sadistic sexual compulsion so strong it can only be satisfied with the death of its object.

Scotland Yard is well acquainted with this type of criminal. A dozen years ago it sent to the gallows John Christie. Considered by his neighbors to be a meek little man, Christie killed and buried at least six women and hid their bodies in the walls of his house.

Then, of course, there was the notorious Jack the Ripper. During his reign of terror that lasted 70 days in 1888, the bloody butcher sadistically slaughtered more than a dozen prostitutes with a razor-sharp knife. His carnival of carnage was carried out with such boldness and demented imagination that he became a symbol for all the terror that prowls city streets.

Jack the Ripper earned his name by always leaving his revolting unmistakable trademark—breasts, ears and nose sliced off, throat slit to the spinal column, and internal organs neatly removed. The Ripper quite likely killed as many as 20 prostitutes, as he promised he would in letters written in blood to the police. No one knows, for he was never caught.

Jack's first victim was Polly Nicholls, a prostitute down on her luck. When police lifted her skirts, they found that she had been eviscerated. Eight days later, Jack disemboweled "Dark Annie" Chapman, another whore.

In a characteristically dramatic gesture, he mailed her kidney to Mr. George Lusk, chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, along with a personal message: "From hell, Mr. Lusk, sir, I send you half the kidney I took from one woman, preserved for you, the other piece I fried and ate; it was very nice."

In every case, Jack the Ripper slit the throats of his hapless victim so swiftly that no one ever heard a sound. Although the mutilations were undoubtedly the work of a madman, they were performed with such surgical skill that Scotland Yard officials thought he must have been a former medical student.

Today, 78 years after the Ripper's revolting rampage, London is again gripped with fear as another sex-crazed sadist stalks the streets in search of defenseless women.

The present murderer is known as "Jack the Stripper" because, like Jack the Ripper, he preys on prostitutes in

the dark streets of Soho and Notting Hill, drags them into alleys, stangles them with his bare hands, then butchers their bodies. But unlike the Ripper, he takes away all their clothing and even their cheap jewelry.

There is also another difference between them. Jack the Ripper had a grudge against prostitutes, whereas Jack the Stripper does not abhor them. In fact, he patronizes them.

Scotland Yard detectives believe the wave of weird killings attributed to Jack the Stripper began in June, 1959, when the nude body of a shapely young 21-year-old tart named Elizabeth Figg was found lying under a tree on the bank of the Thames near Chiswick Bridge. Her dress, ripped to shreds, lay beside her nude body, but her underwear, shoes and stockings were missing. Marks on her throat indicated she had been strangled. Her body was covered with knife slashes.

Miss Figg, a small, slight brunette, was known to have made a very comfortable living at her trade as a "cartom," a slang term British police use for prostitutes who ply their trade in their clients' cars. She was last seen alive by one of her clients shortly after midnight. She made a date to see him again at 3:30 a.m., but didn't keep it. Her body was found by police at 5 a.m. They believe that she was stripped and strangled in a car and that her slayer then dragged her body

to the riverside.

Four years passed without a similar slaying. Then, on November 8, 1963, the body of Cwyneth Rees, 22, was discovered in a trash dump along the Thames near Kew Bridge. Her body was naked and mutilated. Investigation revealed that she had worked as a prostitute for several years and had been seen in automobiles with a number of men all over London. Her former clients were questioned by police without success.

On February 1, 1964, Jack the Stripper claimed his third victim. The corpse of Hannah Tailford, a scrawny, red-haired, 30-year-old whore, was fished out of the Thames. Like the other strangled prostitutes, her body was nude and badly cut up. Nylon panties had been stuffed in her mouth. Police theorized that the Stripper had first choked and gagged her, then dragged her to the river and held her under water until she drowned.

Miss Tailford was a known drug addict and often attended parties where sex orgies took place. She had been convicted three times for unlawful soliciting. Police questioned more than 700 persons about her death to no avail.

Ten weeks later, the body of Irene Lockwood, a blonde, 26-year-old prostitute, washed up on the banks of the Thames a mile from where Hannah

—turn to page 18



"Oh, I beg your pardon... I didn't see your uniform in this poor light."

Select over 300 fantastic photographs and illustrations from the most remarkable ever produced. Add to this over 200,000 words of amazing text—violent, purple, powerful stories selected from a rare collection especially to please you. Carefully lithograph them in magnificent folios with breathtaking color and sharp, crisp detail. Bind them into a huge 520 page library volume for collectors. The result is Knight Harvest, a rare, scarce private edition, the best of Knight, so exciting it defies description. This volume must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer it to you now on a free, no risk, no obligation 10-day inspection. Send only \$5.00 (the full price of this remarkable volume) with your name and address and ask for Knight Harvest on a 10-day free inspection. After you receive it and have an opportunity to inspect each page, only then do you have to decide if you want to keep it. If not, just return it for a full and immediate refund... no questions asked. It's that easy... a wonderful way to inspect this valuable collection at absolutely no risk. However, the supply is limited so rush your \$5.00 with order to: KNIGHT HARVEST, Box 69804, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



RIPPER, from page 17

Tailford's body was found. Pregnant and nude, she was identified by a tattoo of a gravestone on her right arm. Like Hannah Tailford, Irene Lockwood had been choked, brutally mutilated and drowned.

By this time, Scotland Yard was convinced another Jack the Ripper was loose in London. In an effort to get a lead, police went to the Notting Hill apartment in which Irene Lockwood had lived. The landlady had nothing but the best to say of her and said she always paid her rent on time.

"She liked to give parties," the landlady told police. "But her guests were always quiet and her private life was no concern of mine as long as she didn't disturb the other tenants."

In searching her apartment, detectives found evidence of her popularity. In a closet were boxes of pornographic pictures showing Miss Lockwood in all sorts of sexual embraces with a variety of men. Cans of lewd movie film were also found as was an address book with the names of her clients.

Police checked out as many of her clients as they could. The inquiry dragged on several weeks without making any headway. Then, on April 24, a fifth party-girl was found murdered near the Thames.

The body of the latest victim, completely naked, was lying face down on a rubbish heap. She was slender and very pretty. She had a tattoo on her left forearm. Her body had been savagely mutilated and there was no trace of any clothing.

A fingerprint check revealed her identity as that of Helen Barthelemy, 22, a prostitute who had been sentenced to four years in jail in 1962 for hiring a man to her apartment where he was beaten and robbed by accomplices. However, her conviction had been reversed upon appeal.

By now, a grim pattern was becoming apparent to Scotland Yard. All of the murdered women had been short and slim, all had been strangled, and the killer had committed the same sexual perversion on each of them before dumping their bodies. And the crimes had been committed in the same area.

Helen Barthelemy's murder proved as baffling as the rest. London newspapers headlined the case and within days the mysterious strangler became the No. 1 topic throughout London. Reporters painted a frightening picture of a sex sadist who drove his car around foggy London streets late at night luring prostitutes into his car to satisfy his bizarre lust for sex and bloodshed.

The newspapers reported that many

prostitutes, terrified at the thought that they might be the strangler's next victim, were leaving the city. Other reports claimed the remaining harlots had stopped selling their wares in their clients' cars and would work only in their apartments.

Scotland Yard remained clueless and warned that the killer might strike again.

He did. On July 15, the nude, strangled body of petite Mary Fleming, a 30-year-old prostitute and mother of two children, was found in a sitting position three miles from the site of the first murder. Another thread in the pattern was now clear. Except in the case of Helen Barthelemy, the Stripper had murdered at approximately 10-week intervals.

The next time, however, he waited a little longer. Shortly before midnight on October 23, Margaret McGowan, 21, a slim slut, left the Warwick Castle pub near Hyde Park with a girl friend named Beryl. Almost immediately, they were picked up by two men in separate cars.

The foursome arranged to stay together, Beryl told police later. But the car with Margaret McGowan in it disappeared into the traffic. Her naked body was found four weeks later, buried under rubble in a parking lot.

But at last Scotland Yard detectives had a lead. Beryl had caught a glimpse of the murderer and his car—an old Ford. Police immediately released an artist's sketch of the head of a man aged 30 to 35, about five-foot eight-inches tall, with a full face and brown hair.

Beryl, a buxom blonde who has been too frightened to allow her surname to be published, said Miss McGowan's car never arrived at the trysting place, nor did she appear later at the rendezvous they always kept after "working" hours. So the chances are that the driver that night was Jack the Stripper.

Other prostitutes started cooperating with police after Scotland Yard issued an appeal to "any prostitute who has been made to strip and has been assaulted" to call Scotland Yard headquarters where, they were promised, specially picked officers would arrange to meet any informant "when and where she wishes" without fear of arrest.

The impact of the appeal was staggering. Women who would never have dreamed of talking to a policeman responded.

In the first 24 hours alone, more than 120 whores volunteered information about the murder victims or about male customers of their acquaintance who seemed, in Scotland

—turn to page 20

ALTHEA CURNIER is single, 24 years old and hails from Maine. A burlesque star and actress, Althea checks out at 33-24-35 in the vital areas. She invites you to write to her about your problems. Althea will answer the type of questions readers of ADAM might ask, no matter how intimate. Or if you're just curious about something and think she might have the answer, write and address your letters to:

"ASK ALTHEA", KNIGHT PUBLISHING CORP., P.O. BOX 69912
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069

Dear Althea:

Yes I am a sex nut, but a sincere one. My problem is this:

I love to discuss sex and sex methods, on an educational plane with a well-versed woman.

With present company excluded, since I'm sure you are busy, can you give me an address?

I am 35—lost my wife, after 13 years of wonderful life, 19 months ago—since then have had sexual failure constantly. I need help. Thank you.

John Lewis
Sherman, Texas

Dear John:

Can't give you any addresses. But if you're really a sex nut like you say, you might be interested in placing an advertisement in one of those wacky tabloids that get people together. You'll find any one of those kinds of papers at most newsstands—you can spot them by the screaming headlines about some of the more unfortunate sexual exploits of criminals and weirdos. If you're lucky, you might hit on a pen pal who shares your proclivities.

* * *

Dear Althea:

I feel that I have been cheated. Let me explain: I dated this girl three times, and on the third time, when I started to make love with her, she said that she would only allow it if we first had "oral intercourse." The problem is that after that, she backed down and wouldn't make love with me in a normal manner. What I want to know is whether or not there is any way for a man to tell this sort of thing in advance—before he commits himself.

Fred Peters
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Fred:

Short of giving ink-blot tests, I think you're fighting a lost cause. The only suggestion I could make is for you to keep trying until you find a girl that's compatible to your methods.

* * *

Dear Althea:

Why is it that American Women don't know enough about sex? All women in America want to do is compete with men—even in bed—they never want to be just women, like they do in most European countries. Here, they have to compete—get better jobs, more pay, equal rights, seats in the government. Hell, in Europe the man is a king—here in the States, he's lucky to get to talk.

Harold Abelson
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Harold:

First: How much knowledge about sex is "enough?" I think you've probably just been seeing the wrong women. Concerning women competing—well, they've been doing that since the Suffrage Movement in the 1890's and nobody has been able to stop them. As for comparing them with European women I think it's about time that somebody pointed out that the mythical, submissive, man-worshipping "foreign woman" is almost a thing of the past. Even in Japan—where women were once on a level with cattle—they're starting to talk back to men... and get away with it. It just took the foreign girls a little longer to get on the bandwagon, that's all.

* * *

Dear Althea:

We have a difficult problem which we think only you can answer for us. Three of us had intercourse with a girl on the same night, and now we find that she's three-months pregnant. We all feel responsible for her pregnancy, but we don't know where to place the blame. Should we draw straws, donate money for a doctor, or just try to lie our way out of it?

The Waiting Ones
Arden, N. C.

Dear Waiters:

There seems to be a run on your type of problem—the making of babies. As I said in the last letter, see a lawyer. Better yet, has anyone thought to ask the girl? She may have something to say in the matter...

* * *



Modern-minded lovely
offers Adam readers
advice on their
most intimate problems

**"ASK
ALTHEA"**

The autobiography of a beautiful Negress

SOME LIKE IT DARK

by Kipp Washington

Her name is not really Kipp Washington. She cannot tell you her real name because she is a prostitute—still young, still beautiful, still talented and working in both her professions. As a singer she was on her way to the top, one of the hottest torch singers on the country but she found that sex, so necessary to get her singing engagements, paid even better as a separate commodity. Because she was a beautiful Negress she was the highest paid prostitute in America, her "special services" used by prominent men in business, entertainment and politics—men who denounce prostitution publicly but privately enjoy a double standard of morality. Is commercial sex is vile, who is guilty?

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A daring book definitely not authorized by Playboy

POINT YOUR TAIL IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

by Jeri Emmett

America's new "morality for sophisticates" is put in perspective by the hilariously witty book. Jeri Emmett, an escapee from the Playboy Bunny hutch since she first key was turned. The "Look, but don't touch" philosophy of the bunny clubs isn't quite so true as Mr. Hehner would have the world believe. Jeri's experiences as a Playboy Bunny take off with a gallop from her first interview where she is asked to answer such questions as: "What do you think of balling?" Can a small town girl make good in an "it you don't swing, don't ring" world?

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At 26 ready for life or death, she doesn't care which!

My Name Is Leona Gage, Will Somebody Please Help Me?

by Leona Gage (Miss U.S.A.)

This is the shocking true story of a fabulously beautiful girl. She had everything—money, talent, a movie career and the title of "the most beautiful girl in the world"! She also had one additional talent, to attract sadists and unscrupulous opportunists. They turned her world into a nightmare of frustration, suicide attempts, drug addiction and confinement in an asylum. Her "storybook" career ended in shame and degradation inflicted by an unfeeling society. Her search for love was brutally detected into lesbianism. Her beauty was distorted by grotesque appearances on a burlesque stage. Her will to live almost completely destroyed.

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Intimate Recollections Of a Hollywood Madam

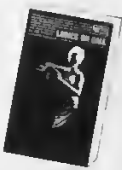
LADIES ON CALL

by Lee Francis

Shortly after writing this book Lee Francis died. And so did the most famous, most colorful Madam in American history—the famous "Call House Madam" who made the Roaring Twenties roar during the Golden Era of Hollywood. In this all-revealing autobiography she discloses her true identity for the first time and gives you a bold, true-to-life account of her girls, the famous personalities patronizing her houses, and the politics involved in maintaining big-scale prostitution. Of particular interest is her world-wide tour in which she found passion a commodity sold in an almost limitless variety of forms.

HH-112

75¢



From \$10,000 A Week To \$5.00 A Night!

I AM NOT ASHAMED

by Barbara Payton

The Barbara Payton who wrote this book is a \$5.00-a-night whore, a middle-aged "win" who bears little resemblance to the glamorous actress who earned \$10,000.00 a week and was married to Franchot Tone. What happened to Barbara Payton is not very pretty. Hollywood publicists don't talk about it. Newspapers only carry stories of her arrests. Only in a book such as this can you read the true story of Barbara Payton and how she sold her body and soul to achieve Stardom. Now every shred of decency and self-respect was stripped from her and she was forced to satisfy depraved passions in order to win favors.

HH-108

75¢



RIPPER, from page 18

Yard's words, "odd or eccentric in their association with prostitutes."

Said one officer: "What astonished me is the number of women in this profession who have been picked up, stripped in a car, then knocked about—and made no complaint."

In January, 1965, Scotland Yard detectives predicted that another murder by Jack the Stripper would happen soon. They were right.

This time it was a 29-year-old prostitute named Bridie O'Hara. Her mangled body was found on a trash heap in West London. She was the sixth victim of the perverted prostitute killer who always dumps the bodies of his victims in a public place as a weird signature. Miss O'Hara was a diminutive Irish girl with a sweet disposition when she was sober and the temper of a reed bobcat when she was drunk, according to people who knew her.

Until the discovery of her body in February, 1965, Scotland Yard had withheld its biggest gun—Chief Detective Superintendent John (Four-Day Johnny) Du Rose, who got his nickname from the amount of time it usually takes him to solve a case.

In Scotland Yard headquarters, Du Rose studies the information assembled by his staff and volunteered by scared streetwalkers. He has an army of 145 detectives solely occupied with solving the string of six slayings.

He also has scores of policemen and policewomen operating in disguise in the vice ridden West Area known as "The Jungle." They mingle with the prostitutes and their parasites in an all-out attempt to uncover the identity of Jack the Stripper.

The policewomen have figuratively joined London's ranks of prostitutes. In hip-tight skirts and high heels, they wiggle from drinking club to strip joint brazenly soliciting customers. But whenever a man shows interest, they identify themselves as policewomen and question them about the murders.

Some of what they have seen has shocked even the most experienced policewomen. They have been astonished by the volume and the "character" of the men who patronize prostitutes.

Despite the obvious hazard of any relationship with him, hundreds of well-dressed men in expensive automobiles cruise the district in search of illicit sex and pick up the "car-toms" for a "job" in their cars. One incredulous policewoman saw a line of a dozen cars waiting for one particular girl.

Whenever an automobile looks like the one used by a man who fits the suspect's description, they take license

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numbers and check out the owners the next day. They found they were talking to wealthy businessmen in luxury apartments, stock-brokers, artists and writers.

There is fear among the girls in "The Jungle" these days, especially the small, slender ones; all of the victims have fitted this description. The girls now work in pairs. When one enters an automobile, the other takes the license number.

The girls circulate among themselves, in the grubby pubs in which they rendezvous, descriptions of cars and men whose actions have given them cause for alarm. There is said to be a list of banned customers.

Few prostitutes live in one place very long, which is one reason the rise in their population went unnoticed until the present inquiry. They move whenever they think police have identified them and might arrest them under the Street Offenses Act.

The Street Offenses Act made it a crime to solicit in public. It went into effect in August, 1959. When Big Ben chimed that midnight, some 10,000 soiled Cinderellas reluctantly returned to their own firesides. They did not vanish from the streets at the wave of a fairy godmother's wand, however. They were reacting to a far more powerful command—the threat of going to jail.

Police and Parliament congratulated themselves, prematurely as it turned out, on solving a problem which had plagued London for centuries. Despite its inexplicable reputation as a quiet, old city, London had been infested with prostitutes since before the days of the first Queen Elizabeth more than 400 years ago. Thousands of their descendants still mass on the pavements of the West End every night, to the amazement of tourists.

The Street Offenses Act was designed to clean the streets—and it did for a while. But it did not solve the problem. For the surprising fact emerged, as a byproduct of the police inquiry into the strangulation murders of six prostitutes, that there are now more harlots in London than there were before the loudly trumpeted law that was to frighten them elsewhere.

The great mass of harlots work in the subterranean world of Nutting Hill, Soho, Paddington and the sleazier edges of Kensington. At night, the area hlares with juke box music and the prostitutes prowl for patrons in bars or cars or sit in expensive rooms awaiting answers to ads tacked up in sleazy store windows: "Dancer looking for part-time work;" "Photographer's model—available anytime;" and simply, "Anne welcomes old friends and new ones," followed by a

phone number.

It is a crummy, transient world where people come and go and change their names frequently. A world of dope addicts, petty crime, sudden violence and a moral code that would make an alley cat look like an angel. A girl vanishes and no one thinks it unusual if, indeed, anyone notices at all.

The fact that the whores are constantly shifting around makes Du Rose's job more difficult. Twice recently he has sent out alarms for prostitutes not seen in their usual haunts on the possibility they might have been slain. Roth were found after nationwide broadcast appeals.

Du Rose has amassed much new information about the twilight world in which vice and crime now operate in the metropolis, but he has yet to put the finger on the elusive psychopath called Jack the Stripper.

From the evidence he has gathered, Du Rose believes the killer either lives alone or in a female-dominated environment. His theory places the Stripper in a London suburb as a business or professional type with a facade of outward respectability.


His perversion—a mish-mash of distorted sexuality and hatred of women—is so compelling that periodically he is overwhelmed by it and only another sadistic sex slaying can

temporarily appease his uncontrollable craving. The result has been a new chapter in the long, grisly British history of mutilation murderers.

Du Rose knows that every murderer, no matter how cunning, sooner or later makes a fatal error. The chances of finding the man with the round face multiply with every additional killing. It may come when, and if, a seventh body is found.

Although he has been on the Jack the Stripper case for about a year with no concrete results, Scotland Yard's top detective is just as confident as the day he stated that London's present-day Jack the Ripper will be brought to justice. His associates have not lost confidence in him yet. But they don't call him "Four-Day Johnny" any more.

In any event, the police investigation has given the public a glimpse of the murky depths under the tourists' London of jolly beefeaters, prancing horse guards and cozy Olde English Tea Shoppes... a glimpse they haven't had since the Christine Keeler sex scandal rocked the British government.

Meanwhile, the prostitutes of London are trembling more than usual in their beds... wondering if they will be the next victim of Jack the Stripper, one of the most savage sex sadists the world has ever known. 



"How's my favorite wife?"

up her hands. "How many more times will I hear an American male ask me what I think of him? Always, it is the same question by the male reporter, what do you think of American men and always my answer is different and I get into trouble. O.K. — Rock Hudson taught me that, to say O.K. — you ask and I will tell you but next time I may say something different. By asking me the question and by being an American man yourself, you are answering the question. Do you understand me?"

Well, didn't.

"Well if you were secure would you ask such a question? One great fault with American men is that they are always wanting to know what a woman thinks of them. Who cares? Why is it important for me to say what I think of Americans? What I think, does that make them any more or any less men? But they really are wonderful, these silly American men. Like grown little boys. Charming, you say it in English. I have another word for them in Italian but it doesn't mean quite the same thing. It means like a big lovable doll. But I think there is one thing they do I don't like..."

And what is that?

"They ask too many questions and I also think they pay too many compliments. But they are good to their women. I like them. Does that answer your question?"

It did but we just had to pursue it a bit further, being American men. "Would Claudia Cardinale consider marrying an American?"

"Why not? But I doubt it. I don't consider marrying at all so I don't consider marrying an American. One thing I don't understand about Americans and that is their dating habits. They call up, ask you out and then where do they take you? To a crowded place to eat and dance. It is fun but not so good for romance. When a man romances a woman he should take her to a quiet place so he can be alone with her. A nice romantic place with violin music and fine food and wines. And soft lights. It is in such a place that I describe that romance blooms, not in a crowded nightclub where the music booms, booms in your ear and smoke gets into your eyes and there is so much confusion that you can never hear what is said.

"But that is romance and you asked about marriage. Marriage I just don't think about."

Now coming from a seemingly healthy twenty-five-year-old beauty with a fantastic figure, that seemed like a rather strange statement. So we asked Miss Cardinale to expand

upon it.

"I just don't believe in marriage. Love, yes. Marriage, no. At least that is how I feel about it now," she added with a toss of her burnished brown hair. "Tomorrow I may think different but I don't think so."

"But," she protested, "isn't marriage the ultimate destination of a love affair?"

"For you maybe. For me, no. When I love and I am with a man it is because I want to be. Not because of a silly piece of paper. A marriage contract. And if the love affair is a mistake, then I am free to leave. Pfft. That is all. In Italy it is very easy to get married but very hard to be divorced. Sophia Loren is, in the eyes of our country, a bigamist, she and Carlo, because he is divorced. That is bad. Bad for them because of the laws."

We asked Claudia if she has ever been in love.

"Often," she answered. "But I didn't marry. Why should I marry each time I fall in love?"

And to that question, we really couldn't think of an answer.

While Claudia is considered something of a sexpot in America and in England, she, with an expression of amusement on her face, informed us that in Italy she is considered the "girl next door" type. "Sort of a Debbie Reynolds." In her first film, *I Soliti Ignoti* which was made in 1958 and starred Vittorio Gassman, she became something of a sensation. Since that time she has made twenty-six films, the latest being *Blindfold* with Rock Hudson.

"I didn't want to become a movie actress," she said. "Almost, they had to drag me to the studio to make that first film. I was going to be a teacher. But I got through it and all of a sudden I find that men recognize me in the streets and they say, 'look, there is C.C.' In Italy I am known only as C.C. most of the time. But it wasn't until my films played America that people called me sexy and I still don't understand that. I am not sexy like Loren or Jayne Mansfield. For one thing I am too small."

Does Claudia mind being considered a sex symbol?

"Of course not. In France men chase me in the streets. A woman who says she does not enjoy that is crazy."

Does one ever catch her?

"Only if I want him too. Now that is a thing I do not understand about American women. If a man stares at her in a cafe or on the street she is ready to call the police. In Italy we take it as a compliment. Women should understand that men are basically very romantic."

"More so than women?" we asked.

"Most women aren't really romantic at all. Men — all men, regardless of the nationality — are romantic. When a man sees a girl and he admires her, I think he thinks about romance, but American women think he thinks about sex. Women think of sex more than men do."

"Why?" we asked.

"Why not? You should know what goes on in a woman's mind sometimes when she sees an attractive man, when the chemistry is right. Chemistry is very important in a love affair. That is what comes first."

"And what," we asked, "happens if she meets an attractive man and the chemistry isn't there?"

"Nothing. Maybe they become friends. I could not have an affair with a friend. There has to be chemistry. I am attracted to two types of men. For friends I like men who are fun, who are very much extroverted and are leaders because I am exactly the opposite. But for a lover I prefer someone like myself. That type of man, one who does not talk much, I understand. I feel close to a man like that. I fall in love with quiet, studious men."

"And then?" we asked.

"Then is then. Maybe I could live with him if I love him deeply. Maybe I could live with him forever. I might even marry him but not right away. Not for a long, long time."

"And why not?"


"Because, like all women, I am fickle. Maybe I would see someone I liked better or meet a man with whom the chemistry is stronger and I would fall in love with him. Then the love affair would end because I cannot accept cheating. Flirting and even dating another man for fun is one thing but I cannot cheat on a lover myself and I cannot accept it when others do it. I take a love affair very seriously. As seriously as marriage is supposed to be taken and when I do decide to get married, I will take that even more seriously but that will not be soon."


"But you do plan to marry?"

"Plan? No. But it will happen. Maybe I will live with a man for many years and then we will be married. Maybe I will meet a man tomorrow and we will marry next week. The contract of marriage is not important and you give more of yourself when it does not exist but I know I will marry someday. Because I am a woman and eventually the need will come."

And in the meantime?

"And in the meantime, I am alive, darling. I am a woman, what else is there to be?"

What else, indeed! 



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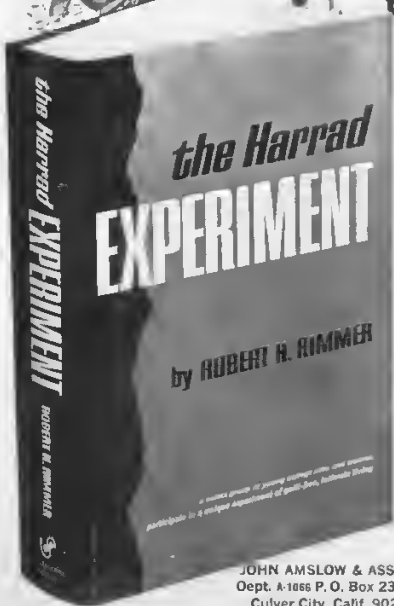
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RECORDS:

The sexaphonic sound of WAY-OUT (Mae) WEST...

THIS MONTH we have a couple of releases from Liberty which seem to be taking us a few steps beyond conventional folk-rock to give us something experimental in that same field.

The *Sonny Side of Cher* on Liberty's subsidiary label, Imperial, is not so "Sonny" for two reasons, neither one of them reflective on the quality of the LP *per se*. Sonny Bono, Cher's long time partner and nearly look-alike, has decided not to record this time, but to produce instead, and so his voice is absent from the LP. Secondly, the selections that Cher has chosen to sing are for the most part peculiarly un-"Sonny," much of their vocal content dealing paradoxically with the darker aspect of the day. "Bang Bang" (My Baby Shot Me Down) is about as self-explanatory as you can get. "A Young Girl" comments on unrequited love, and I can only assume that she reaches final self-destruction "lying there by the road" as the lyrics state. "Where Do You Go" and "Elusive Butterfly" are both searching songs, the former for a purpose and the latter for a special kind of love. All in all, this is a surprisingly fine album, and I like the way Cher maneuvers her husky, honest voice through the intricacies of the often minor melodies, two of which were composed by a talented fellow named Bob Lind. There are only two critical points I wish to make by posing the following questions. Who decided upon the rather implausible selection of "Old Man River" for Cher to record? And why do Liberty's engineers invariably place the artist in front of

is quite an interesting record and most certainly a highly entertaining one.

Robert Coulet is the only male singer I know of that can sing through his nose and smile at the same time (with the possible exception of Vaughn Monroe), and believe me it's not as easy as it sounds. Just try it only one of the microphones used to record, causing the voice to be issued through only one speaker of the sound system, instead of both. It's not only irritating, but also very un-stereo.

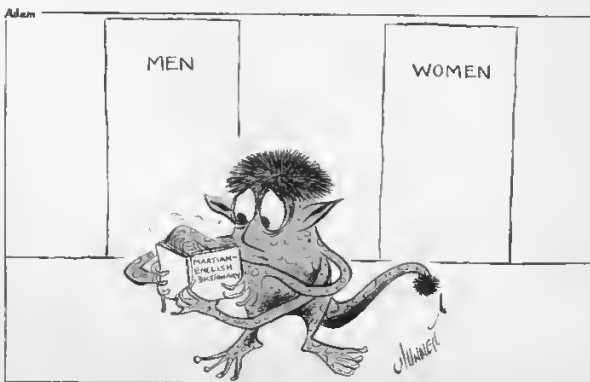
On the other Liberty release we have Jan & Dean once again, this time giving us *Folk 'n Roll*, or at least that's what the title implies we should expect from the LP. However, after having listened to all of the tracks several times I came to the conclusion that this was not meant to be a "straight" album after all. Rather, it seems to be a satirical, tongue-in-cheek "folk-walk" through a handful of contemporary standards which have proved to be successful on the record charts. Among others, there is the Beatles' song, "Yesterday" and Bob Dylan's "It Ain't Me Babe." But of all the selections, "Hang on Sloopy" in particular gets my vote for being one of the screwiest tracks I've ever heard on wax, containing some questionable ad-libs such as "What are all these flies doing in here?" followed by a succession of wild, provocative slaps and nearly inaudible groans. And toward the end there is a distinctly soprano passage, but unfortunately I wasn't able to make up my mind who was responsible for these last few vocal moments. It could have been Jan or Dean or Rose Murphy, or then again it could have been all three. In any event, this

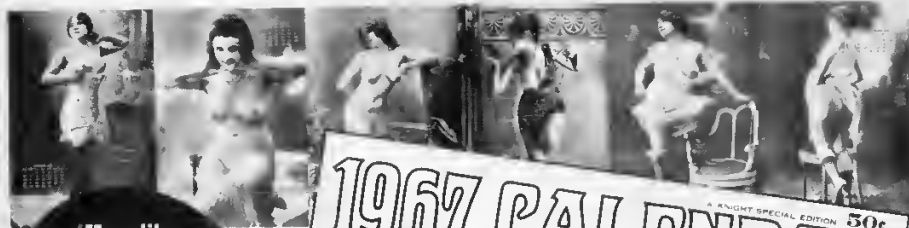
some time. In any case, he (Goulet) on his current Columbia LP, *I Remember You*, manages somehow to sing his way through a treacherous batch of old chestnuts without having a nosebleed. In all fairness, I suppose he must be given credit for that at least. However, when it comes to appraising the album as a whole, I'm afraid that all that can be said of it is that it's mediocrity at its best. And as far as I'm concerned, even that may be going too far out on a limb. Marty Manning, who arranged and conducted the listless orchestra, appears to have accumulated much of his musical taste from listening to Muzak. As for the singer himself, I suggest that he learn to play the trumpet and form his own orchestra immediately. After all, a replacement for Vaughn Monroe is yet to be found, and "Racing With the Moon," in my opinion, is due for a revival soon.

In sharp contrast to the static offering by Goulet is an excitingly warm and wistful release on RCA Victor by Perry Como that really moves. It's entitled simply enough, *Lightly Latin*, but don't let this rather inane deduction from some promotions man at the Victor studios frighten you away. In his latest "effortless" effort on wax, Como has the good sense to surround his polished, richly-tinted voice with the tasteful and imaginative arrangements of Nick Perito, who incidentally also conducts the full orchestra. Combine this with the remarkable repertoire of songs that Como has chosen to sing, and you have an album where there is "a perfect matching of man to music." Leaning heavily on the bossa nova movement, the album is sprinkled throughout with the best songs from A.C. Jobim. In addition, we have a pulsating "Baia," a thoughtful "Manha de Carnaval" from the film *Black Orpheus*, a tender "The Roses," and an interestingly done "Yesterday," which as we all know by now is a Lennon-McCartney tune. Incidentally, it's a perfect album for those singularly romantic moments when you and "she" get back to your apartment after an evening out.

Lastly, guess who's recording again after an eight year silence? No, it's not Lizbeth Scott. It's Mae West on Tower Records, aka Capitol. Someone has surrounded her with four or five young males (average age: 15) who play Rock 'n' Roll and call themselves Somebody's Children. Recorded in "Sexaphonic Sound," Mae bounces through a number of the Top Ten tunes of the days from The Beatles' "Day Tripper" to Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman." The name of the LP is *Way-Out West*. As if I had to tell you.

-Dana Woodbury





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good time cherie
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yes, in zee
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I like make you
happy too!'

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*"But fix thy eyes upon the valley: for
the river of blood draws nigh, in
which boils every one who by
violence injures others."*

CANTO XII, 46-48
THE INFERNO OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT it a lot, man; like why Victor and I made that terrible scene out there at San Quentin, putting ourselves on that it was just for kicks. Victor was hung up on kicks; they were a thing with him. He was a sharp dark-haired cat with bright eyes, built lean and hard like a French skin-diver. His old man dug only money, so he'd always had plenty of bread. We got this idea out at his pad on Portrero Hill—a penthouse, of course—one afternoon when we were lying around on the sunporch in swim trunks and drinking gin.

"You know man," he said, "I have made about every scene in the world. I have balled all the chicks, red and yellow and black and white, and I have gotten high on muggles, bluejays, redbirds, and mescaline. I have even tried the white stuff a time or two. But—"

"You're a goddam tiger, dad."

"—but there is one kick I've never had, man."

When he didn't go on I rolled my head off the quart gin bottle I was using for a pillow and looked at him. He was giving me a shot with those hot wild eyes of his.

"So like what is it?"

"I've never watched an execution."

Death in the City

Like when you've seen and done everything, man, what is left but death?

THE SECOND COMING

by JOE GORES





Weller

Lively memoirs of two fantastic Hollywood personalities

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH

by Jim and Henny Backus

Jim Backus, the Mr. Magoo of TV fame, relates his lively, warm and witty memoirs of backstage life from the "good old days of radio" right up to the present. Many revealing sketches of Hollywood personalities. His gossip, droll commentaries and offbeat experiences make this a delightful book to read. If you think "Only You Dick Darling" was wild, wait until Jim gives you the facts about his behind-the-scenes experiences. Yes, Jim Backus, author of "What To Do After The Orgy" goes the limit in another orgy of convulsive hilarity that'll have you rolling in the aisles. It's great fun. Don't miss it!

HH-115

75c



An Expose Of Prostitution In America!

PROSTITUTION, U.S.A.

by Mike Bruno and David B. Weiss

The book that no one else would dare publish! Persuasion, bribes and threats failed to stop America's top team of no-holds-barred journalists from bringing you this full, true story of America's sex-for-sale underground. A bombshell that rips the doors off the nation's bawdy houses and exposes the nation's ugly double standard for exactly what it is! Names names, lists places, and tells you who, what, when, where and how! With exclusive revelations about Playboy Bunnies, Las Vegas callgirls, University co-eds, Washington Bigwigs, and many, many more!

HH-117

75c



Wild, bold, funny, the greatest baseball book ever!

INSIDE THE DODGERS

by Fresco Thompson with Cy Rice

Here's the guts of baseball right from the dugout and the front office by the man who's been in both places. Fresco Thompson, Vice President of the World's Champion Los Angeles Dodger organization. Never has there been a more exciting book about a more exciting team. Fresco levels about the big business of baseball, the Dodger move from Brooklyn to Los Angeles, the fantastic superstars... Kouss, Willis, Drysdale, Robinson... his boss, Walter O'Malley... the umpires... why the Dodgers win everything from quick humor to baseball's power struggles. Great entertainment even if you're not a baseball buff!

HH-120

75c



A collection of the finest short stories ever published in ADAM.

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Out of the thousands of short stories which arrive in the mails every year, ADAM selects for publication only those which the editors consider the most... the most provocative, the most polished. Running the gamut from the oil-thief, the humor of Peter A. Fields and Richard Ashby to the more serious pieces by names such as John Faulkner, Harlan Ellison, Raymond Locke, Arthur Porges, Brett Howard, and many, many others, this year's collection proves to be one of the most notable ever put into paperback form. It is a must for all ADAM fans... a 320 page collector's item for those who esteem the short story at its exciting best.

HH-129

95c



The shocking truth about gambling in Las Vegas

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by Mike Goodman

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COMING, from page 27

I thought about it a minute, drowsily. The sun was so hot it was like nailing me right to the air mattress. Watching an execution. Seeing a man go through the wall. A groovy idea for an artist.

"Too much," I murmured. "I'm with you, dad."

The next day, of course, I was back at work on some abstracts for my first one-man show and had forgotten all about it; but that night Victor called me up.

"Did you write to the warden up at San Quentin today, man? He has to contact the San Francisco police chief and make sure you don't have a record and aren't a psycho and are useful to the community."

So I went ahead and wrote the letter, because even sober it still seemed a cool idea for some kicks; I knew they always need twelve witnesses to make sure that the accused isn't sneaked out the back door or something at the last minute like an old Jimmy Cagney movie. Even so, I laid dead for two months before the letter came. The star of our show would be a stud who'd broken into a house trailer near Fort Ord to rape this Army lieutenant's wife, only right in the middle of it she'd started screaming so he'd put a pillow over her face to keep her quiet until he could finish. But she'd quit breathing. There were eight chicks on the jury and I think like three of them got broken ankles in the rush to send him to the gas chamber. Not that I cured. Kicks, man.

Victor picked me up at seven-thirty in the morning, an hour before we were supposed to report to San Quentin. He was wearing this really hip Italian import, and fifty-dollar shoes, and a narrow-brim hat with a little feather in it, so all he needed was a briefcase to be Chairman of the Board. The top was down on the Mercedes, cold as it was, and when he saw my black suit and hand-knit tie he flashed this crazy white-toothed grin you'd never see in any Directors' meeting.

"Too much, killer! If you'd like comb your hair you could pass for an undertaker coming after the body."

Since I am a very long thin cat with black hair always hanging in my eyes, who fully dressed weighs as much as a medium-sized collie, I guess he wasn't too far off. I put a pint of Jose Cuervo in the side pocket of the car and we split. We were both really turned on: I mean this senseless breathless hilarity as if we'd just heard the world's funniest joke. Or were just going to.

It was one of those chilly California brights with blue sky and cold sunshine and here and there a cloud like Mr. Big was popping Himself a cap

down beyond the horizon. I dug it all: the sail of a lone early yacht out in the Bay like a tossed-away paper cup; the whitecaps flipping around out by Angel Island like they were stoned out of their minds; the top down on the 300-SL so we could smell salt and feel the icy bite of the wind. But beyond the tunnel on U.S. 101, coming down towards Marin City, I felt a sudden sharp chill as if a cloud had passed between me and the sun, but none had; and then I dug for the first time what I was actually doing.

Victor felt it, too, for he turned to me and said, "Must maintain cool, dad."

"I'm with it."

San Quentin Prison, out on the end of its peninsula, looked like a sprawled ugly dragon sunning itself on a rock;

to Hollywood.

"Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do unto me," he cried in this ringing apocalyptic voice.

I grabbed his arm and dragged him back down off the seat. "For Christ sake, man, cool it!"

But he went into high laughter and pinched my arm with feverish exuberance, and then jerked a tiny American flag from his inside jacket pocket and began waving it around above the windshield. I could see the sweat on his forehead.

"It's worth it to live in this country!" he yelled at them.

He put the car in gear and we went on. I looked back and saw one of those cats crossing himself. It put things back in perspective: they were from

Kodak scene while they're busy dropping the pellets. We ended up inside the prison with our shoes back on and with our noses full of that old prison detergent-disinfectant stink.

The politician type, who had these cold slitted eyes like a Sherman tank, started coming on with rank jokes; but everyone put him down, hard, even the reporters. I guess nobody but fuzz ever gets used to executions. The Army stud was at parade rest with a face so pale his freckles looked like a charge of shot. He had reddish hair.

After a while five guards came in to make up the twelve required witnesses. They looked rank, as fuzz always do, and got off in a corner in a little huddle, laughing and gassing together like a bunch of kids kicking a dog. Victor and I sidled over to hear what they were saying.

"Who's sniffing the eggs this morning?" asked one.

"I don't know, I haven't been reading the papers." He yawned when he answered.

"Don't you remember?" urged another, "it's the guy who smothered the woman in the house trailer. Down in the Valley hy Salinas."

"Yeah. Soldier's wife; he was raping her and..."

Like dogs hearing the plate rattle, they turned in unison towards the Army lieutenant; but just then more fuzz came in to march us to the observation room. We went in a column of two's with a guard beside each one, everyone unconsciously in step as if following a cadence call. I caught myself listening for measured mournful drum rolls.

The observation room was built right around the gas chamber, with rising tiers of benches for extras in case business was brisk. The chamber itself was hexagonal; the three walls in our room were of plate glass with a waist-high brass rail around the outside like the rail in an old-time saloon. The other three walls were steel plate, with a heavy door, rivet-studded, in the center one, and a small observation window in each of the others.

Inside the chamber were just these two massive chairs, probably oak, facing the rear walls side-by-side; their backs were high enough to come to the nape of the neck of anyone sitting in them. Under each was like a bucket that I knew contained hydrochloric acid. At a signal the executioner would drop sodium cyanide pellets into a chute; the pellets would roll down into the bucket; hydrocyanic acid gas would form; and the cat in the chair would be wasted.

The politician type, who had this rich fruity baritone like Burl Ives,
—turn to page 30



we pulled up near the East Gate and there were not even any birds singing. Just a bunch of quiet cats in black, Quakers or Mennonites or something, protesting capital punishment by their silent presence as they'd done ever since Chessman had gotten his out there. I felt dark frightened things move around inside me when I saw them.

"Let's fall out right here, dad," I said in a momentary sort of panic, "and catch the matinee next week."

But Victor was in kicksville, like desperate to put on all those squares in the black suits. When they looked over at us he jumped up on the back of the bucket seat and spread his arms wide like the Sermon on the Mount. With his tortoise-shell shades and his flashing teeth and that suit which had cost three yards, he looked like Christ on his way

nowhere. The Middle Ages. Not that I judged them: that was their scene, man. Unto every cat what he digs the most.

The guard on the gate directed us to a small wooden building set against the outside wall, where we found five other witnesses. Three of them were reporters, one was a fat cat smoking a .45-caliber stogy like a politician from Sacramento, and the last was an Army type in lieutenant's bars, his belt buckle and insignia looking as if he'd been up all night with a can of Brasso.

A guard came in and told us to surrender everything in our pockets and get a receipt for it. We had to remove our shoes, too; they were too heavy for the fluoroscope. Then they put us through this groovy little room one-by-one to x-ray us for cameras and so on: they don't want anyone making the



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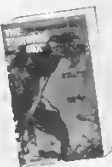


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COMING, from page 29

asked why they had two chairs.
 "That's in case there's a double-
 heeler, dad," I said.

"You're kidding." But by his voice the idea pleased him. Then he wheezed plaintively: "I don't see why they turn the chairs away—we can't even watch his race while it's happening to him."

He was a true tank gemine creep, right out from under a rock with the slim barely dry on his scales, but I wouldn't have wanted his dreams. I think he was one of those guys who taste the big draught many times before they swallow it.

We milled around like cattle around the chute, when they snarl the blood from inside and know they're somehow involved; then we heard sounds and saw the door in the back of the chamber swing open. A uniformed guard appeared to stand at attention, followed by a priest dressed all in black like Zorn, with his face hanging down to his belly button. He must have been a new man, because he had trouble maintaining his cool: just standing there beside the guard he dropped his little black hook on the floor like three times in a row.

The Army cat said to me, as if he'd wig out unless he broke the silence: "They... have it arranged like a stage play, don't they?"

"But no encores," said Victor hollowly.

Another guard showed up in the doorway and they walked in the condemned man. He was like sort of a shock. You expect a stud to act like a murderer: I mean, cringe at the sight of the chair because he knows this is it, there's finally no play to go, no appeal to make, or else land in there full of cheap bravado and go-to-hell. But he just seemed mildly interested, nothing more.

He wore a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, sunbats that looked like Army issue, and tie. Under thirty, brown crewcut hair—the terrible thing is that I cannot even remember the features of his face, man. The worst I could come to a description would be that he resembled the Army cat right there beside me with his nose to the glass.

The me thing I'll never forget is that stud's hands. He'd been on Death Row all these months, and here his hands were still red and chapped and knobby, as if he'd still been out picking turnips in the San Joaquin Valley. Then I realized: I was thinking of him in the past tense.

Two fuzz began strapping him down in the chair. A broad leather strap across the chest, narrower belts on the arms and legs. And they were careful about strapping him in. I mean they

wanted to make sure he was comfortable. And all the time he was talking with them. Not that he could hear it, but I suppose it went. *that's fine, fellows, no, that strap isn't too tight, gee, I hope I'm not making you late for lunch.*

That's what bugged me, he was so damned upologic! While they were fastening him down over that little bucket of oblivion, that poor dead lonely you if a bitch twisted around to look over his shoulder at us, and he smiled. I mean if he'd had an arm free he might have leaved! One of the fuzz, who had white hair and these sad gentle eyes like he was wearing a hair shirt, patted him on the head on the way out. No personal animus, son, just doing my job.

After that the tempo increased, like your heart beat when you're on a black street at three a.m. and the echo of your own footsteps begins to sound like someone following you. The warden was at one observation window, the priest and the doctor at the other. The blackrobe made the sign of the cross, having a last go at the condemned, but he was digging into Ben Casey. Here was this M.D. cat who'd taken the Hippocratic Oath to preserve life, waving his arms around like a tv director to show that stud the easiest way to die.

Hohl your breath, then breathe deeply: you won't feel a thing. Of course hydrocyanic acid gas melts your guts into a red-hot soup and burns out every fibre in the lining of your lungs, but you won't be really feeling it as you jerk around: that'll just be rare nerve endings.

Like they should have called his the Hypocritical Oath.

So there we were, three yards and a half an inch of plate glass apart, with us staring at him and him by just turning his head able to stare right back; but there were a million light years between the two sides of the glass. He didn't turn. He was shriveled and straggled in and briefed on how to die, and he was ready for the fumes. I found out afterwards that he had even willed his body to medical research.

I did a quick take around.

Victor was sweating profusely, his eyes glued to the window.

The politician was pop-eyed, nose pressed flat and belly indented by the brass rail, pudgy fingers like plump garlic sausages smearing the glass on either side of his head. A look on his face, already, like that of a stud making it with a chick.

The reporters seemed ashamed, as if someone had caught them peeking over the transom into the ladies' john.

The Army cat just looked sick.

—turn to page 40



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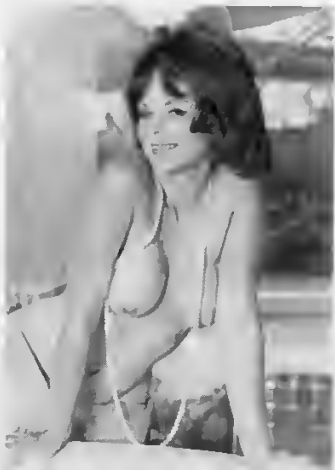


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Our heroes find that a property is a property, no matter where it's located

SATYRICON

Continuing the memoirs of Petronius as translated and reconstructed by **PAUL J. GILLETTE**

A Matter of Love and Legality: PART IX

BEFORE LONG, our energies had begun to wane. At this point, the officer produced some aphrodisiacs, which Eumolpus and I gladly consumed and thus refreshed ourselves for further performance.

It was not until late that afternoon that we all decided to call it a day, whereupon the grateful woman and her daughter departed, expressing their gratitude, and Eumolpus and I bid the officer a fraternal good-bye.

Now, after having supped, the poet and I journeyed to the town square, where there was an exhibit of sculpture. We examined each of the pieces with interest, even though they were quite badly done, and might have then gone back to our lodgings peacefully had it not been that one of the sculptors asked Eumolpus' opinion of his work.

"I have never seen such hideous nonsense passing for art in the whole of my lifetime," my friend declared. "If I were you, I'd be ashamed to admit that I was responsible for the atrocities."

The sculptor quickly lost himself in the crowd, desirous of avoiding further criticism; for his part, however, Eumolpus was wound up and could not rest until he had spoken his piece. Mounting the base of one of the statues, he faced the crowd and declared:

"This exhibition is an insult to the art of sculpture. I have never seen anything so heinous in my life. And you, foolish people, look at these statues as if they were really worthwhile creations.

"Dolts! Fools!

"Is it any wonder that the age has become what it has? What has happened to the masters of old? Where are the painters and sculptors of merit?

"Ah, we have ruined ourselves — and you, foolish people,

are responsible.

"What has done it?

"Our love of riches, that's what. In olden times, when virtue was admired for its own sake, all liberal arts flourished and the only ambition among men was to make discoveries which might profit the age.

"It was in those times that Democritus, content with poverty, discovered the virtues of herbs, and, lest there be any hidden excellence in stones and trees, spent the rest of his life in experiments about them.

"It was in those times that Euxodus abandoned the world and took up residence at the top of a high mountain, so that he might study the motions of the heavens.

"It was in those times that Crisippus went three times through the same study of physics so that he might better qualify his mind for invention.

"Lysippus employed himself with one statue so diligently that he neglected the necessities of life and died a pauper; Myron, whose brazen images of men and beasts were so realistic that you might mistake his creations for living beings, starved to death.

"But look at us!

"Our age is so wholly devoted to drinking and whoring, and we're so far from inventing that we don't even bother to acquaint ourselves with the works of art which are to be found in our very hands.

"Accusing antiquity, our schools have become seminaries of vice. What's our logic? How little do we know of astronomy? Where are our philosophers?

"What master of eloquence could endure to hear speech murdered, as it is every day in the pulpits and the market-places? What wise man could suffer the noise?

"The very Senate, which should show an exemplary conduct, is itself the occasion of doubtful events. Some sena-

—turn the page



SATYRICON, from page 36

tors lead more scandalous lives than the basest of slaves would dream of lending.

"You need not wonder why painting and sculpture are lost, when gold appears more beautiful both to gods and men than anything Apelles or Phidias are esteemed to have madly spent their time about.

"You are the assassins of an entire race, my foolish friends. Because of you, the great Roman Empire will crumble and so too will all civilization.

"This is my prophecy, and it will be fulfilled unless you turn yourselves away from your love of riches and return to the things of value. As it now stands, your lives are empty; you spend the day searching for gold and the night searching for a woman in whom to bury yourselves or for the penis of a young boy to jab vitality into your intestines . . ."

Now, as Eumolpus had been speaking, the crowd grew more and more angry. Finally they began casting stones at him, some of which struck his head and made it bleed; he, as if realizing only the expected, covered his head and began mumbling. Fearing that they would know me for his accomplice, even if I tried to deny it, I made after him.

When we were out of range of the angry crowd I said to him:

"I beseech you, my friend, what will we do with that disease of yours? You run at the mouth as a stuck pig runs at his wound. If you don't watch what you say, you'll get us both killed."

"This is a danger you must expect when you seek to tell the truth," he replied.

"Then why tell the truth?" I argued with him. "Why seek to insinuate your beliefs upon others. Let them live their lives and you live yours; don't criticize them and they won't criticize you."

By this time, we were at our lodgings; we went inside and I dressed his wounds in the room.

"We are the victims of our own base appetites," he moaned. "We have let hunger and thirst and sex run away with us, and we are now like children strapped to the backs of wild horses, unable to control the steeds, only able to hang on and hope that the mercy of some gods somewhere might bring our treacherous journey to a safe end."

So saying, he seized me at the crutch and began to massage me.

"Even now I am helpless to resist the temptation to possess you," he complained. "Even after decrying the sickness of the times, I find myself as much a victim as the others."

"Why resist?" I responded, yielding to his caresses. "Why not surrender to the body's demands like everyone else does and think no more of it?"

"Because, my friend," he responded quietly, "as long as there is one man who will cry out the truth, even if doing so means he will be stoned, there is a chance for the human race; but, when the last of us gives up, when everyone has surrendered to his appetites, man will no longer control his own destiny. There will be no hope for the world, my friend, nor for the miserable people in it."

And, so speaking, he took me and pulled me against him. And in this manner we spent the night.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, Eumolpus and I took to walking the streets again and noticed, in the market-place, a woman of such striking physique that even the abundance of loosely-draped garments she wore failed to conceal her most prominent assets.

We followed her for half an hour, delighting in the view of her posterior, imagining all sorts of uses to which those exquisite buttocks could be put and speculating between ourselves about the anterior view, which he hadn't yet been fortunate enough to glimpse.

When she stopped at a fruit stand, we came to a halt be-

hind her and continued our inspection at closer range. Inspired by the vision, I turned to Eumolpus and said, in a low voice:

"I'd give twenty pieces of gold to spend but a single night with that charmer."

The comment was made, of course, in jest, in the manner of paying metaphorical tribute to the woman's arresting developments. My comment, however, was overheard by her, and she quickly turned to face us.

"The price of twenty pieces is quite satisfactory, sir," she told me. "I am available tonight, either at your lodgings or at my own."

I was astounded. I stood face to face with one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and one whose front side was of such startling proportion that the magnificent rear paled in comparison to it.

"Stunned, I was only able to stutter:

"Now. Your house."



Thereupon, walking about dazedly, I blindly followed her to her house, where I partook of such delights as might stagger even the most unbridled imagination.

Her lips were a fiery generator, charging my body to unimaginable heights of desire, and her lips were a grinding receptacle that satisfied my ardor without diminishing it.

Such were the multifarious pleasures I experienced in her embrace that, without pausing to consume a single aphrodisiac, I continued to drink at the fountain of ecstasy until—more than sixteen hours later—I fell wearily to the floor, my thirst finally slaked.

Now, at the end of the sixteenth hour, she asked me if I had found the experience satisfactory. I replied that I indeed had.

Thereupon she demanded payment of the twenty gold pieces I had promised her.

For the first time, I realized the extravagance of my offer. Twenty gold pieces would diminish my fortune by almost

half. I had been speaking metaphorically, but she had taken me literally; now, I seemed to have no choice but to come up with the twenty gold pieces I had so foolishly promised her.

"Have pity on me, madam," I pleaded with her. "I am a poor man, prompted to make an outrageous offer only by an all-consuming lust for you. I had not really intended to make the offer, but only wished the extending of it to act as a compliment to you; in reality, twenty gold pieces is more than I have to my name."

My pleas did not impress her.

"You made the offer, sir," she replied. "I accepted it. You might have withdrawn it before we left the market-place, but you did not, instead, you came here and took your pleasures of me for sixteen hours. Now, you have no choice but to pay."

"But, madam," I cried, "I haven't the money."

"A bargain is a bargain," she said coldly. "I have fulfilled my end of it; now, either you'll fulfill your end or I'll take the matter to the courts."

Now, threatened thusly, I grew obstinate. If that would be her position on the matter, I decided, then I would refuse to pay her anything: let her take it to the courts. Law required that prostitutes be licensed; she did not display a license on the premises, and therefore was acting outside the law. If she engaged in extra-legal transaction, she could not expect the law to aid her in enforcing its terms.

Having reasoned in this manner, I refused her any payment whatsoever and returned to my lodgings. As far as I was concerned, the matter was closed and I had got the better of it.

Much to my surprise, the following morning I received a summons to appear before the local magistrate as defendant in a suit for damages.

In court, the woman—acting as her own counsel—argued as follows:

"Your honor, I am the owner of a piece of property which the defendant agreed to rent for a specified length of time for the price of twenty gold pieces. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the duration of the period of rental, and gave every indication that he found it to be satisfactory as previously represented to him. Since it is restricted property, I deem the rent not excessive, and therefore ask that judgment be granted to insure full payment."

Upon hearing this, I was amused, for I found her approach both novel and witty; nevertheless, I felt that she had no legal grounds, and the case would be dropped by the magistrate as soon as I made it clear to him precisely what was the nature of the "restricted property" she had supposedly "rented" me.

Eumolpus, however, who had volunteered to serve as my lawyer—an offer which I foolishly accepted—decided to argue the case on her grounds.

"If it please the court, I confess that my client occupied said property and derived a degree of satisfaction therefrom," he told the magistrate. "However, upon assuming occupancy, he found that the property contained an unimproved well, around which he had to place his own stones, into which he had to sink a shaft and erect a pump. I feel that the labor involved in these improvements is adequate to offset the balance she claims due her, and thereby petition the court that the charges be dismissed."

At this point, the magistrate, an elderly man himself, however one not without much energy, called the woman before his bench.

"I think," said he, "that I would like to inspect the property before I arrive at my decision."

When she agreed to this, the magistrate declared the trial recessed until the following day; thereupon he proceeded with her to her house, where he presumably conducted a

vigorous and quite lengthy inspection, the termination of which occurred scant minutes before the trial was scheduled to resume.

In the courtroom he spoke as follows:

"Had the defense sought to invalidate the plaintiff's claim by accusing her of practicing prostitution without a license, the case might be dismissed. However, since the attorney for the defense has conceded that a rental of property had actually taken place, I must rule upon the case as presented by the plaintiff."

"Now, having examined the 'property,' I find that there indeed was a well thereon and that there is every evidence that the defendant made the improvements his counsel claims. However, I cannot help but feel that, had the defendant not known the well existed, he would not have rented the property in the first place. Furthermore, it is obvious that, upon evacuating the premises, he removed the stones, withdrew the shaft and likewise took away the pump. Thus, not only were the improvements temporary in nature and lasting only as long as the defendant's occupancy, but in departing he left the property in a less valuable state, for his activities with the well while he was a tenant left it a source of danger, particularly in regard to small children."

"Accordingly, I must rule in favor of the plaintiff, and hereby order that the defendant be imprisoned for a period of not less than six months, by which time, if he has not made payment to the plaintiff of the twenty gold pieces agreed upon, his sentence shall be extended for another six months."

Cursing the day I met Eumolpus, I plotted revenge; my poet-friend, however, was more resourceful than I expected him to be. The second night of my imprisonment there was a fire in the jail, and during the activities of those trying to combat the blaze, Eumolpus slipped in, freed me from my chains and carried me off.

Apologizing for having lost the case, he pointed out that he had redeemed himself by starting the fire and arranging my escape; further, he said, the two days' time I spent imprisoned were certainly worth the pleasures I had enjoyed with the woman.

I agreed and expressed my gratitude to him, whereupon we returned to our lodgings and plotted the next move.

When it was discovered that I was no longer among the prisoners, a search most definitely would be instituted; therefore, we decided, the best move was to leave the city as quickly as possible.

"Give me your money, Eumolpus," Eumolpus said, "and I will go about the business of arranging our departure."

"Suppose," I replied, "that you decided to take it with you and leave me here?"

"This is no time to distrust me," he countered. "If you walk the streets, you may be recognized; therefore, your best bet is to leave everything in my hands and hide out somewhere safe until I have things arranged."

I thought of hiding out right where I was, but no sooner had we packed our bags than there was a great clamor outside; the police had come looking for me.

Together, Eumolpus and I carted our things out the back way and took refuge in a dense brush.

"There is one hiding place safer than any," he whispered to me. "I'd advise you proceed to it immediately and wait for me there."

"And where's that?" I asked.

"The low-class whorehouse where we bought the plague," he replied. "The last place in the world anyone would look for a high-class fugitive is a low-class whorehouse."

I agreed with his logic and immediately headed for the place.


(To be continued)

DEAR ADAM

ETHEREAL SPIRITS

I believe that in your last issue of ADAM (10-6)—in which you had "The Body of McKay" and "It's Your Funeral"—that you were in fact assisted in the formulation of the magazine by a person or persons outside your staff who like death and made specific other psychological suggestions. You may, if you wish, deny this to me.


Ronald Hatfield
Palo Alto, Calif.

 We call those "persons outside our staff" writers, Ron. And while they frequently make psychological suggestions, we're not sure as to whether or not they actually like death—or anything, for that matter. They always help in the formulation of ADAM.

WANTS BETTER FICTION

I hope you have the nerve to publish this: If your magazine keeps getting "better" we can blot out the pictures and let children take it to school to read. Whatever happened to the good, down-to-earth fiction that used to be in ADAM? When ADAM first came out they had some really good stories, now they stink. And don't tell me that "things will get better" either. I have been waiting a whole year for things to get "better," and nothing has happened so far. There, I said it and I'm glad.


J. Wier
Fayetteville, Ark.

 We are genuinely sorry that you've found our magazine lacking, Mr. Wier, but we ask that you give us one last chance. In this issue we have some outstanding fiction ("The Second Coming," by Joe Gores, and "Big Bob's Nightowl Show," by David Madden). If, after reading these stories, you still feel the same way, send another letter and we'll have the "nerve" to publish it, too.

LIKES CHANGE

I want to be the first to commend the editorial staff for the "New Look" that has come over ADAM and the ADAM READER—it was getting about time for it. I especially like the change that has become apparent in the fiction and articles in the recent issues—and the taking away of some of the ads. In fact, now that the ads have been removed you have more room and can (I hope) have more fiction.

Terry Lee
Three Rivers, Calif.

 Thank you, Terry—and as we said in the last letter, check the fiction in this issue. It should come up to your standards.

VIVA LA HORTEN!

I thought your personality shot on Rena Horten (in ADAM 10-9) was something that has needed doing for a long time. Any doll as beautiful as "Swinging-Rena" is worth reading about. Keep up the good work, and let's see more (lots more) of Rena.

Wilton Tomlinson
Reno, Nevada

COMING, from page 31

Only the fuzz were unchanged, expending no more emotion on this than on their targets after rapid-fire exercises at the range.

On no face was there hatred.

Suddenly, for the first time in my life, I was part of it. I wanted to yell out strop! We were about to gas this stud and none of us wanted him to die!

We've created this society and we're all responsible for what it does, but none of us as individuals are willing to take that responsibility. We're like that Nazi cat at Nuremberg who said that everything would have been all right if they'd only given him more ovens.

The warden signaled. I heard gas whoosh up around the chair.

The condemned man didn't move. He was following doctor's orders. Then he took the huge gulping breath the M.D. had pantomimed. All of a sudden he threw this tremendous convulsion, his body straining up against the straps, his head slewed around so I could see his eyes were tight shut and his lips were pulled back from his teeth. Then he started panting like a baby in an oxygen tent, swiftly and shallowly. Only it wasn't oxygen his lungs were trying to work on.

The lieutenant stepped back smartly from the window, blinked, and puked on the glass. His vomit hung there for an instant like a phosphorous bomb burst in a bunker; then two fuzz were supporting him from the room and we were all jerking back from the mess. All except the politician. He hadn't even noticed: he was in Henry Millerville, getting his sex kicks the easy way.

I guess the stud in there had never dug that he was supposed to be gone in two seconds without pain, because his body was still arched up in that terrible bow, and his hands were still claws. I could see the muscles standing out along the sides of his jaws like marbles. Finally he flopped back and just hung there in his straps like a machine-gunned paratrooper.

But that wasn't the end. He took another huge gasp, so I could see his ribs pressing out against his white shirt. After that one, twenty seconds. We decided that he had cut out.

Then another gasp. Then nothing. Half a minute nothing.

Another of those final terrible shuddering racking gasps. At last: all through. All used up. Making it with the angels.

But then he did it again. Every fiber of that dead wasted comic thrown-away body strained for air on this one. No air: only hydrocyanic acid gas. Just nerves, like the fish twitching after you whack it on the

skull with the back edge of the skinning knife. Except that it wasn't a fish we were seeing die.

His head flopped sideways and his tongue came out slyly like the tongue of a dead deer. Then this gunk ran out of his mouth. It was just saliva—they said it couldn't be anything else—but it reminded me of the residue after light-line resistors have been melted in an electrical fire. That kind of black. That kind of scorched.

Very softly, almost to himself, Victor murmured: "Later dad."

That was it. Dig you in the here-after, dad. Ten little minutes and you're through the wall. Mistah Kurtz, he dead. Mistah Kurtz, he very very goddamn dead.

I believed it. Looking at what was left of that cat was like looking at a chick who's gotten herself bombed on the heavy, so when you hold a match in front of her eyes the pupils don't react and there's no one home, man. Nowhere. End of the lineville.

We split.

But on the way out I kept thinking of that Army stud, and wondering what had made him sick. Was it because the cat in the chair had been the last to enter, no matter how violently, the body of his beloved, and now even that feeble connection had been severed? Whatever the reason, his body had known what perhaps his mind had refused to accept: this ending was no new beginning, this death would not restore his dead chick to him. This death, no matter how just in his eyes, had generated only nausea.

Victor and I sat in the Mercedes for a long time with the top down, looking out over that bright beautiful empty peninsula, not named, as you might think, after a saint, but after some poor dumb Indian they had hanged there a hundred years or so before. Trees and clouds and blue water, and still no birds making the scene. Even the cats in the black suits had vanished, but now I understood why they'd been there. In their silent censure, they had been sounding the right gong, man. We are the ones from the Middle Ages.

Victor took a deep shuddering heath as if he could never get enough air. Then he said in a barely audible voice: "How did you dig that action, man?"

I gave a little shrug and, being myself, said the only thing I could say. "It was a gas, dad."

"I dig, man. I'm hip. A gas."

Something was wrong with the way he said it, but I broke the seal on the tegula and we killed it in fifteen minutes, without even a lime to suck in between. Then he started the car and we cut out, and I realized what

was wrong. Watching that cat in the gas chamber, Victor had realized for the very first time that life is far, far more than just kicks. We were both partially responsible for what had happened in there, and we had been ineffectually diminished by it.

On U.S. 101 he coked the Mercedes up to 105 m.p.h. through the traffic, and held it there. It was wild: it was the end; but I didn't sound. I was alone without my Guide by the boiling river of blood. When the Highway Patrol finally got us stopped, Victor was coming on so strong and I was coming on so mild that they surrounded us with their holster flaps unbuckled, and checked our veins for needle marks.

I didn't say a word to them, man, not one. Not even my name. Like they had to look in my wallet to see who I was. And while they were doing that, Victor blew his cool entirely. You know, biting, foaming at the mouth, the whole bit—he gave a very good show until they hit him on the back of the head with a sap. I just watched.

They lifted his license for a year, nothing else, because his old man spent a lot of bread on a shrinker who testified that Victor had temporarily wiggled out, and who had him put away in the zoo for a time. He's back now, but he still sees that wig picker, three times a week at forty clams a shot.

He needs it. A few days ago I saw him on Upper Grant, stalking lithely through a grey raw February day with the fog in, wearing just a t-shirt and jeans—and no shoes. He seemed agitated, pressed, confined within his own concerns, but I stopped him for a minute.

"Ah... how you making it, man? Like, ah, what's the gig?"

He shook his head cautiously. "They will not let us get away with it, you know. Like to them, man, just living is a crime."

"Why no strollers, dad?"

"I cannot wear shoes." He moved closer and glanced up at me down the street, and said with tragic earnestness: "I can hear only with the soles of my feet, man."

Then he nodded and padded away through the crowds on silent naked soles like a puzzled panther, drifting through the fruiters and drunken teenagers and fuzz trying to bust some cat for possession who have inherited North Beach from the true swingers. I guess all Victor wants to listen to now is Mother Earth: all he wants to hear is the comforting sounds of the worms, chewing away.

Chewing away, and waiting for Victor, and maybe for the Second Coming. ☼

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The End of the Time of Leinard

by Harlan Ellison

The sheriff cleaned up the town, but then he didn't know how to stop

SHERIFF FRANK LEINARD stood tensed, his hand poised somewhere in that limbo above the gun. His belly was drawn in and his legs were spread, tight as a rattler's grip. "I don't want to draw on you, Gus . . . don't make me," he said softly.

The breeze coming in from the west end of town ruffled his lank brown hair. It also ruffled the shirttail hanging from the pants of Gus Tabbert, poised opposite the Sheriff, down the street.

Tabbert swayed. It was obvious he was drunk. "N I ain't gonna make ya draw, Sherf. But you ain't gonna take me t'no jail, neither . . ."

The Sheriff's hard, square face grew even tighter. "We don't like drunks that make noise and shoot up the Palace, Gus. You know that. Now just settle back and don't make me draw on you."

There was a staggering movement from Tabbert, and he fumbled at his holster for an instant.

Frank Leinard's right hand slapped leather, brought the big Colt free of the holster, and the August peace of the town was shattered by two sharp, quick reports, like a bullwhip snick-snicking.

Gus Tabbert took a tentative step, felt at himself, and twisted forward, face-first into the dust. He was dead before he hit. He lay there with the gun halfway out of its holster, his legs crushed up under him as though he were a puppet suddenly devoid of strings. The breeze ruffled his hair.

— turn the page





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LEINARD, from page 43

"LOOK, FRANK, you gotta understand somethin'."

Pete Redallo, who ran the livery, and was also the spokesman for the city council—what there was of it—stood with his hat in his hand. He stood before Frank Leinard's desk in the sheriff's office with three of his fellow councillors. He had come to ask Frank Leinard to resign.

"You gotta know Bartsville ain't the same as it used to be. Things is changed, Frank."

Leinard was a big, rangy man, with small, deepset eyes of black and a full, grey-dotted moustache. He wore heavy lumberjack shirts and no vest, and he sweated a great deal so that there were always two heavy, dark semi-circles of sweat under his armpits. He wore the .44 low on the right side, with the bracing things tied about his pants leg. There was a quiet competence about him, a strength, an assertiveness. He was the kind of man youngsters followed around with knives and whittle-sticks, begging for a little attention. He was the Sheriff, clear to the marrow.

His voice was soft, but never wheedling. Stronger than ever now, as he said, "How do you mean, Pete? Changed?"

Redallo twisted the hat. He looked to his friends for aid. They nudged him with their eyes, to continue.

"Well, like this, Frank. Ya see, before, when Bartsville was just gettin' started, when we was the end of the trail drive for everybody in this territory, we was a pretty wild town. Now we ain't belittlin' what you done here, you made this a decent town for our wives and kids, Frank."

"But you got to understand something, Frank," Morn Ashley inserted. "You gotta understand that those days are behind us. Why, I can run the bridge across the Shawsnak without no trouble'tall nowadays. Used to be that I'd have to drop down every man that thought he could pass without payin' my toll. But things is calmed down a mite, and there ain't no call for all the gunslingin' you do."

"Like I was sayin', Frank," Pete Redallo continued, asserting his position as spokesman with slight belligerence, "this was a wild town, and you came down from Kansas, and cleaned it up. Now we ain't belittlin' you at all. It was what we hadda have done, and you done it. We're mighty grateful for that. But, well, we, uh—"

"What're you tryin' to say, Pete?" Frank asked simply.

"Well, uh, well, there was just no call to shoot up Gus Tabbert that way."

"He was drunk and disorderly. He

drew on me."

Redallo dropped the hat, a flush hitting his upper cheekbones. "You know Gus is *always* drunk, Frank. And the little bit of shootin' he did was nothin' compared to what used to happen when Con Farlow's boys used to hit town. It's just not right, is all."

Morn Ashley moved up beside Re-

should, no more.

"We're lots quieter now. The frontier days are gone, Frank, when you had to draw on every man who shot up a saloon. Gus was a friend to all of us—"

"Gus was my friend, too, Morn,"

Leinard stuck in softly.

"That's what we're tryin' to say,

Leinard stood up slowly. He was a big man, over six feet, and they edged back warily. There was no telling what burned beneath that calm surface. He put his hands out—fingers spread, palms flat—on the desk. His face was calm, as he answered them.

"What you're tryin' to say is, you want me to resign. That right, Pete, Morn, Karl, Anse? That it?"

They stumbled and stammered and mumbled. "Well, no, that aint *exactly*..." or "Oh, you *know* how things are, Frank..." and "Now don't get sore, Frank..."

But he knew what they meant. It stuck up in their craws like a raw potato.

Leinard spoke quietly, surely, "You remember Louise Springter, the girl they had for schoolmarm 'bout three years back?" They nodded. His face slipped into an expression of sadness.

"Remember there was a lot of talk I was going to marry up with her?" They nodded again, and Anse Pfeiffer from the General Store added, "We never knew what happened there, Frank. Never thought it was our business to find out. No call to bring it up now, is there?"

Leinard nodded his head somberly. "Yes, Anse. There is. Just as there's reason to bring up now that I've never been invited to your house for supper. Nor yours, Pete, nor Morn's house, nor Karl's. Why's that?"

They stammered again, each averting his eyes.

"When I asked Louise Springter to marry me," Frank Leinard said with a tinge of oddness in his voice, "you know what she said?" They did not answer. Each stared elsewhere. It was not an easy thing they asked this big man.

"I'll tell you. She said, 'No, I can't do it, Frank.' So I asked her why, and after a long while she told me. I had to look up a word with Doc Crenkell, 'cause I didn't know what it was. You know what she called me, you men? She called me a pariah."

"You know what that is... answer me! You know?"

They shook their heads. His voice was hungry, and tortured, and straining.

"It means an outcast; someone no one else wants to go near. So I asked her what she meant, and she looked at me like I was shot in the belly. You understand? Like she was sorry for me. *Me!* Frank Leinard, the Sheriff! Sorry for me. Then she went ahead and said, 'Frank, you're a good man, but they've hired you to kill and that's what you are... a hired gun. No matter if you got the law with you or not, you're a hired killer. And they know

—turn to page 46

Adam



"I'm an eyebrow man myself."

dallo.

"Look, Frank, I'll be honest 'bout this.

"You've gotten to being more than just Sheriff 'round here. The way some folks feel, you're the law entire. The mayor, and the council and whatall. And that ain't right, Frank. This is as much your town as is ours, but you don't act the way we figger a Sheriff

Frank," Karl Breslin from the D-Slash-D spoke for the first time. "When you had plenty of rowdys to tame, you were in fine style, but now that it's mostly families and such in Bartisville, you've taken to huntin' yore meat in the townfolk. We just want you to understand that times change, and the men gotta change with 'em, otherwise—"

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LEINARD, from page 45

that; no matter how much anyone likes you as a man, Frank, they see that gun and what you are, and *no one* is gonna associate with you. Because you're a pariah. They made you that, and that's the reason I'm not going to marry you, Frank."

Leinard sat back down carefully, and he turned his head away so they could not see the tears about to film his eyes. "So that's why I never been invited to eat with any of you, and that's why I never got married, and that's why I made so much about this town bein' my town, and I wanted it to be the cleanest, best town."

"Now you come and tell me, 'Thanks, Frank, you risked your life every day, and you cleaned up our town for us, and now it's done, you can go. Is that it? Is that what you're sayin' to me?'"

He folded his hands, and they saw for the first time that big Frank Leinard the Sheriff was not a young man any longer. They looked at one another, and Morn Ashley nudged Pete Redallo with his elbow. Pete tried: "But, Frank, you don't get what we mean. I — I know, I mean, I know it's your town and all, but times has changed and we don't need a hired gun — I mean, we don't need your kind of Sheriff no more."

He stumpled to a halt, and looked ashamed.

Then they saw Frank Leinard's body stiffen, and he looked up with that strength in him, and he said levelly. "This is my town, gentlemen. I helped clean it, helped make it safe for you sick, white little men to run your businesses and get rich with. Now you think you're gonna throw me out and tell me to go find a nice tree out on the prairie somewhere, and bed down under it."

"Well, there ain't many trees in cow country, and there ain't many towns, and this one is mine. This is my time, and I'm stayin'."

"There ain't one of you who can outfox me or outdraw me, so just try and get me out!"

Then he stood up, and his chest swelled, and it brought the .44 into their sight even bigger, so they left. He stood by the window, watching them talking as they crossed the street to the Palace.

IT GOT WORSE. Much worse. They started crossing the street to avoid him, and a petition was shoved under the office door one morning. On Wednesday a riot broke out in the telegraph office while he was eating at Fenners', and they did not call him; they settled it themselves. That made him feel insecure, hurt, angry. So he

got back at them by arresting Bill Pilbly for carrying a gun in town.

Everyone knew Bill had been hunting that day and had only stopped in town to pick up some grub on his way back to the spread; but Frank had seen him, and thrown him in the single cell before anyone could stop him. A delegation from the Council came, then, and told Frank he was getting too ambitious, and he ordered them out. When they gave him trouble, he pulled the .44 on them. Then it took Doc Crenkell and the Judge to get Bill out.

Things went from bad to worse, and one day the bartender at the Palace had to throw Frank out for being drunk and smashing steins on the floor. He barely missed getting shot.

No one knew what to do.

So they decided to hire a gun to wing Frank, and get him out of town.

Frank killed the gun when the swarthy, purple-faced man tried to shoot him from an alley between the Palace and Fenners'. Then Frank went and arrested the men he thought were behind it. Three of them were innocent, but it did not matter to him.

So they decided to bushwhack him.

FRANK LEINARD lay outside the Palace, in the dusty street. The night had closed down tightly, and a few folks had come into town for the dance. They passed him as he lay there, drunk, with his twisted gun-arm thrown out in a crazy S beside him.

One woman — Morn Ashley's woman — pursed her lips and shook her head as she went by, saying, "Ever since he got shot up like that, he's been just no good. Drunk all the time. Why do you men on the Council keep him on pension, Mom?"


And Pete Redallo came by with his three kids. He stood for a moment, spread-legged, staring down at the drunken ex-Sheriff, and cursed softly, so the kids would not catch it.

"Should have run him out of town, not just crippled him," he said. "But you can't just turn away a man that helped clean up the town."

They went on.

Others came by, not wanting to be late for the dance, and studiously avoided Leinard. They all went by, and few of them heard what he was muttering, face in the dust.

Even had they heard, none of them would have understood what he meant when he said, "There's damn few trees in cow country."

No one missed the dance that night. It was a good dance. A clean dance, with no fights. That was because it was such a clean, good town, was Bartsville. 

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BIG BOB, from page 9

phone. He had refused to announce on TV. Over-exposure, he argued. The magic was in the voice. Like well-water, it tasted best if drawn up from deep darkness.

His wife, Laura, provided him with a quiet, regulated, dependable home base. He pitied the boys who went home to hell. They usually played hell when they stayed, too. Laura was different from the wives he had heard about. She thought he was great when she married him; she thought him magnificent after ten years. She was a very good copy writer when he met her. A virgin copy writer. Now she was proud of being a home-maker in a ranch style home in Crestview Manor. He liked to kid her that he'd just seen her on TV, testifying that the wash on the left was whiter. That was the way she struck him, and that was the way she struck herself. He wasn't sure he loved Laura, but he was certain he liked her. He made love to her, though, only to keep her satisfied.

She appeared to be asleep, as usual, when he crawled into bed in the dark. Lying on his back, he heard Morina's voice in his head, "Softly, softly, softly, baby," and felt a hand slide between the buttons of his pajamas and stir the hairs on his stomach. Startled, he felt her turn to him, her breasts pressing against his arm, and before he could speak, her lips were on his mouth. Laura, who moved in love only on his cues, was all over him before he could ask what had come over her.

COCKED BACK in the dentist's chair the next morning, his hands slipping in sweat on the green porcelain arms, the muscles in his open mouth and his jaw aching and locking, the drill cutting through the cavity, filling his mouth with dust, his nostrils with the smell of burnt decay, he wondered what had turned Laura on so ferociously the night before. He had not stirred her up. In fact, he had never stirred her up that hot. Just as the drill penetrated to a nerve, and he felt the pain even through the novocaine, the image of a man unbentoning his shirt in his bedroom struck Big Bob. And the man was tall and big, but not because his name was Big Bob Travis.

URING HIS RADIO audience that night to try baking biscuits with Mary Jane's self-raising flour, he stared at the volume needle as it bounced to his voice, and imagined Laura and her lover lying naked in the dark, listening to his voice, the mellow yellow dial light glowing from the night table.

He spun Homer and Jethro's "I'm My Own Gran'paw" as if spitefully to shatter their mood. He announced the wrong record at ten, played the wrong taped commercial at ten-thirty, flipped the wrong switch at eleven. He was sorry to the four women who called.

At eleven-thirty, he answered the phone with: "How the hell you expect me to run a radio show with you people nagging me to death?"

"Softly, softly, softly, baby."

Suspicious of Laura, he had forgotten Morina. Now he forgot something else.

"Still winding up your husband's affairs?"

"Trying to."

"Why did you hang up last night? We were going good."

"I couldn't stand it."

He listened to her breathe, "I love that—the way you breathe."

"Not if I hadn't hung up. Not after that song you played me."

"Like it?"

"All of it put together took my breath away. Your voice, the song, the dark, the blue lights over the streets outside, me lying in the middle of this big bed—"

"By that little light from the dial hand on the radio."

"Yes, yes... that little light. This may sound funny to you, but—it's sexy."

Big Bob laughed. "Hotel radio?"

"Transistor. Mine. When I move on the bed, the little light moves. When you talk, I hold it."

"In your hand?"

"Between my... well..."

"No need to be shy."

"I'm not."

"I have to take your word for it."

"It makes a tingly vibration right next to my heart."

"Through your dress?"

"No..."

"Through your nightgown?"

"No..."

Big Bob shut his eyes. "If my voice'll do that, imagine what a kiss or two would do."

"What if I had ten little transistor radios and placed them all over me?"

"What if I kissed you instead?"

"But I could have the ten radios at once, and you only have one mouth."

"You're talking to Speedy Gonzales, honey."

"Big Bob... Big Bob... Big Bob... It hums in my mouth the way the radio hums between my breasts."

"Listen, Morina, which hotel are you staying in?"

"Say, either my little radio's gone dead, or everybody in Nashville has the same trouble."

—turn to page 49



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TALES



THE PERFECT WOMAN

The man knew what he was doing, the bourbon flowed like water, and the woman was an absolutely consummate bed-partner. After five solid hours of violent and sensual love-making—which totally exhausted the man—he rose to leave.

"I have to get to work," he told the woman, who was still propped upon the bed. "But I'd like to say that I have never made love to a more knowledgeable woman. You're absolutely perfect—in every respect..."

"Roger," the woman interrupted him, "I'm not all that perfect. You see, I forgot to take any precautions and I'm afraid that now you'll have to marry me."

"Oh?" he replied, startled. "And what will you do if I don't?"

"I just *couldn't* have an illegitimate child!" she wailed. "I'd shoot myself first!"

"There, you see what I mean," he said, opening the door. "You're the perfect woman."

IT'S CONTAGIOUS

A pharmacist friend of ours recently got the following letter:

"Dear druggist,

Will you please send me a book on personal hygiene? I think I caught a case of it last night."

PATRIOTISM LIVES!

Overheard at our fabled watercooler: "The increased divorce rate indicates that the United States is still the land of the free."

"Yes—but the steadily growing marriage rate shows that it's still the home of the brave..."

A TOUCH OF THE MAGIC WAND

A young man had just bought a new convertible, and was happily bombing down the street when he saw a beautiful young blonde standing on the corner. He promptly stopped and asked her if she'd care to get in and go for a ride.

"Sure," she answered, wiggling seductively. "But I think it's only fair to warn you—I'm a witch."

And she wasn't lying—before the young man had driven two more blocks, she'd turned him into a motel...



KARATE!

The same friend, who drives one of those little German cars, stuck his hand out to signal a turn the other day and ruptured a traffic cop.

MAKING ROYALTY

An exceptionally beautiful young actress, notably famous for her I-don't-give-a-damn attitude, and having a new lover practically every week, was being interviewed by a news reporter upon her recent return from visiting Europe.

"I heard that you broke a lot of hearts in Europe," the reporter said. "Not the least of which were several of the various countries' nobility. It is rumored that everything from kings to dukes courted and chased after you. Did you have a good time with them?"

"My European visit was a simply *marcelous* adventure, darling," replied the actress, wrapping an obviously-nude mink stole about her creamy shoulders. "Simply a whirlwind of doing things and going places—and I managed to make every second count."

WITH BULGING EYE...

Then there was the peeping tom who stayed up all night waiting for the peeling of the village belles.



ABOVE AND BEYOND

Heard the one about the Chicago censor who was killed in the line of duty? He climbed up on the runway to stop a stripper from disrobing and was bumped off...

SENIOR PROBLEMS FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

The lady walked in to the doctor's office and sat tiredly in the examination chair.

"What's the problem?" the doctor asked.

"My husband and I don't enjoy sex the way we once did," she answered.

"How old are you, ma'am?"

"I'm eighty-two," she answered.

"And how old is your husband?"

"He's eighty-seven."

"I see," the doctor smiled. "And when did you first notice this lack of enjoyment?"

"Three times last night," she answered, quickly. "And twice again this morning..."

SURE-CURE

Then there's the one about the drunk who walked into a bar and ordered a drink without moving his lips. They were covered with a thick, brown-white, hard coating.

"My god, Ernie," said the bartender upon seeing him. "What's the matter with your lips?"

"They're chapped," Ernie replied—still without moving them.

"What's that stuff you have on them?"

"That's chicken dung," Ernie answered, sipping his drink slowly.

"Chicken dung!" the bartender exclaimed. "I didn't know chicken dung cured chapped lips."

"It doesn't," said Ernie, matter-of-factly. "But you sure as hell don't lick 'em."

BIG BOB, from page 47

Big Bob saw the pick-up arm waver back and forth at the end of the record. He skipped the station break and slapped on Chet Atkins, and said, "Listen, Morina..." But the line was buzzing, and instead of Chet Atkins, Minnie Pearl was cavorting over the air waves.

AT MIDNIGHT, THE orange phone signal flickered. Reaching for the receiver, he hoped it was Morina. Pitting it to his ear, he expected Laura. Who came over the wire was Boots.

"Sorry, Boots. Can't make it."
"You sound funny."
"Ha. Ha." He tossed the receiver into its cradle.

That night, the Jaguar earned its name. At one-o-nine, Big Bob was gliding into his driveway. He tip-toed into the house. It was dark. Laura was in bed. He felt the old sleep-soft silence that usually greeted him when he came home on nights when he had told her he would be stopping at the Back Door for a drink. But he hadn't told her that tonight. She hadn't called.

"Laura," he whispered.
"Yes, Bob," she said, aloud, startling him.

THE NEXT MORNING, he twisted around in front of the bathroom mirror to see the marks she left on him the night before.

He knew the idea was ridiculous. That some lover excited Laura so profoundly, she wanted her husband also. Not much later. But if he was such a good lover that she was willing to endanger her marriage to a man many women desired, what made her want more, not much later? He couldn't look at her. He had to get out of the house.

He called Boots. She couldn't leave work at the beauty shop.

He went on the air at seven with a dry mouth. Dry from tension and fear.

He told all the girls and women who called to go to hell and dig in. "Don't you know I'm a married man?" But they only called more often. To tease him. Some of them called him dirty names. Dirty talk, he often enjoyed. But when they called him dirty names, he felt a mess accumulate around him there in the small control room. He left the phone off the hook several minutes, but replaced it when he realized that he was waiting for Laura to call.

"Bob, kiss me, kiss me..."
"Morinal"
"Softly, softly, softly, baby..."
"Cut that out, damnit. You call me up, get me all worked up, then cut me off."

"What do you think you do to me?"

"Nothing. Damn it. Nothing. So far, nothing but talk."

"It's better than nothing."

"I've had enough of nothing. Listen, Morina, I need to see you. I mean it. Stop fooling around, stop working on me, and then —"

"I can't see you."

"Why not? You're from out of town, your husband's dead, you've got a hotel room. What's in the way?"

"Do you really like me?"

"I really like you. I only need a little more of you to love you. Station break. Be right back. Now, damnit, don't go away."

But she did. He put on a long-playing record and just sat there before the dead mike, sweating, tense, rubbing his tired, burning eyes.

Laura didn't call.

Boots called. Her last words were: "Listen, Buster, you may think you're God's gift to women, but I'd rather take my chances with cracker-jacks."

"You must of been listening on a party line the last time I heard that line." He tossed the receiver but missed and it bounced and struck his knee.

AT ONE-O-FIVE, he parked three doors from his house and ran over the frost-hard grass to his bedroom window. The shade was down. As he turned from his own window, he happened to glance into the window next door where fat Mrs. Farrell, in a pink shortie tossed back her head to gulp a pill, her eyes pinched tight. As the shortie rose with the toss, a thumb of black showed below her belly. A sight spared Mr. Farrell, who lay on the bed, his arm flung over his eyes to shield them from the sudden one a.m. light. Her lips still pursed from the swallow, Mrs. Farrell opened her eyes and looked out the window straight at Big Bob Travis. Ducking, he scooted into the garage, where he stood, flat against the wall until the Farrell light went out, ten minutes later. That yellow son-of-a-bitch," Bob said to himself, imagining Mr. Farrell's repeated refusals to go out and see who was prowling around.

THE NEXT MORNING, while Laura cooked his usual eleven o'clock breakfast, Big Bob conducted an investigation that made him feel so small he had succeeded in forgetting about it by the time he logged in that night at WCOG. He had discovered no signs in the bathroom or the bedroom, or the bed in the bedroom. No signs that he could separate from his own.

That night, few of the old girls called. Boots called to give him one — turn to page 50

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BIG BOB, from page 49

more chance. He didn't take it. He waited for Morina to call. He rehearsed what he would say to her.

Some country music singers — three men and a girl — dropped by the studio to chat with him over the air. He hurried them out, afraid Morina would call while they were there. In a room full of smoke and perfume, Big Bob was lighting another cigarette when the orange light pulsed.

"Before you cuss me out, let me tell you why I had to hang up."

"I'm listening."

"My husband came in the door."

"That'd hang anybody up. Who let him out of the grave?"

"I lied. He's not dead. I didn't mean for us to come this far. That first time —"

"Was on impulse."

"But then the second time was pure will."

"Now, it's won't."

"Don't be mad."

"I'll live."

"I didn't say I wouldn't call you anymore. I've got to. I've got to *have* to call. It's the only thing in my whole day."

"Night, baby. Night."

"But I wait all day long."

"Then at night your husband waits with you?"

"That's just it. He's on the night shift."

"We've got that much in common."

"I wish you had more."

"Listen, Morina, that's just what I got to have. I can't take this long distance stuff."

"Oh, you don't need me. You've got all those other girls."

"Voices. Just voices."

"Never more than that?"

"Off and on, a lot more than that. But only once in a life time someone like you."

"What am I but a voice like the others?"

"If I knew what it was, it wouldn't drive me so crazy. You say the same words. Not as vulgar as some — no where near as vulgar as some . . ."

"Tell me what to say, and I'll say it, if it'll make you feel good."

"It won't. Don't say anything like that."

"Then what is it? I may be ugly as sin, for all you know."

"Except you're not. And you've got a nice, soft shape."

"You've got a vivid imagination."

"Telepathic braille."

"Bob, I want to make love to you."

"If you mean it, say it again. If you don't, disconnect that goddamned phone."

"My husband . . ."

"What about him?"

"He's not a bad guy."

"He's not a good lover."

"He's a good provider."

"Hal 'He'd love to hear that."

"He sets me up with an automatic washing machine and dryer and dishwasher and deep freeze and color TV and doesn't gripe if I have my hair done twice a week."

"What else can a woman crave?"

"Ordinary affection and abiding love."

"You're reading that from a plaque on the wall."

"But it's true, Bob. He surrounds me with all that machinery and convenience, and he's a blur, bleached as white as the Monday wash. And you know what he sees when his eyes are turned in my direction?"

"More than I do."

"I'm as alive to him as a TV screen at four in the morning."

"No young'uns?"

"None."

"How come?"

"We haven't looked into the cause. I think he's afraid to."

"Hold on. I've let it go two bands. Better feed them people a bushel or two of corn, then I'll be right back, with Hank Williams in the background."

Cursing Morina at the top of his voice in the empty radio station for hanging up again, Big Bob saw the orange blinker.

"WCOC!"

"Well, you needn't bust my eardrums."

"Cording whose eardrums they are, ma'am."

"Mrs. Farrell, next door."

He started to ask her if she had on her shortie nightie, but a feeling of dread blacked that out.

"Anything wrong?"

"Funny you should ask. Now, I'm not certain anything's wrong at all, but I thought as your neighbor, and one of your loyal fans, I ought to let you know what little I know."

"About what?"

"Well, last night — I don't think you were home yet. No, I heard your pretty little black Jaguar come purring up the drive twenty minutes later. Well, last night, I was gulping down a pill when I saw a man moving around outside your bedroom window."

Thanks for nothing. "I appreciate your telling me, Mrs. Farrell. Be glad to pay you back with a good ol' Roy Acuff record. Like to request one?"

"And if I ain't mistaking, there's somebody out there now."

Looking through the glass into the dark studio C where a mike stood like a tall thin man, casting a shadow, Big Bob felt a chill go up his spine.

"Should I call the police?"

"Hell, no! I mean, please don't. I'll take care of it."

"Yeah, that might be best, Big Bob. You never know. It may not be what you expect. You know? Man works night shift, he — Shut up, Bill! A man works the night shift, he — Damn it, Bill, turn loose the phone. 'Excuse me, Big Bob, my hus —"

"Slap hell out of her!" said Big Bob, when he heard the receiver slam down at the Farrell house.

Laura didn't call. Boots didn't call. Nobody called. He called Lois. No answer. He called Cindy. She said, no, she wasn't listening to WCOC, and he got the message. In the middle of dialing Gloria, his elbow struck the pick-up arm and it scratched across the new Jean Sheppard LP, and he spent three minutes on the air, trying to joke his way out of it, and five minutes trying to keep from telling the station manager, Bix Lester, to go to hell. Then it was time for "The Star-Spangled Banner." He left all the lights on when he went out. But the stairs were dark.

GRADY CARSON was twice as fat as Mrs. Farrell. He didn't wear a shortie nightie and he wasn't gulping down a pill. He wore a double-breasted suit with flaring lapels like an extra in a James Cagney movie of the thirties. He chewed the end of a cigar that was dead when Big Bob came through the door ten minutes ago.

"I listen to you all the time, Big Bob." Bob smiled, wearily. No praise, please, he thought. "I can't make my wife turn you off."

"Thanks," said Big Bob, sarcastical-ly.

"A pleasure."

"How much will this cost?"

"Not so fast, Big Bob. I don't rush into nothing, Big Bob. I gotta be sure."

"About what? That I got the money?"

"You got the money. No, I mean about you being sure. You get it in your head to change your mind right in the middle of it and think what a mess that puts me in. I gotta know for damned sure."

"Find out! Tell me. Find out soon. Then I'll pay you what ever you ask. I'm not stingy."

"Five hundred. I'll dump it in your lap before you know it."

"When?"

"If we're lucky, tomorrow night."

"That quick?"

"It's a simple operation. The guy usually calls. When he does, we're always there."

"Wire tapping?"

"Sure. Just like when you talk to people over the phone, and tape it to

go over the radio. That little bleep sound. But we don't have to put up with no bleep. Just the dirt."

"Call me at the station tomorrow, about seven."

"Two-fifty down, Big Bob."

"Thanks," said Big Bob as he peeled off the two-fifty.

"Don't mention it. It'll be a pleasure. Say, you wanna do me a favor?"

"Maybe."

"Tonight's my wife's silver anniversary. Would you play the Anniversary Waltz for her?"

"For her? What about you?"

"Me? I don't dance, silly."

THAT NIGHT THREE NEW WOMEN called up. One of them stripped over the phone to the Chet Atkins he was playing and described what she was doing with her palm-sized transistor. Another woman had a deep, husky whiskey voice and said she lived in a mansion four stories high, in a back room and never went out. She wanted to play hide-and-go-seek with him in the fifty room house. "One for each year of your life?" he asked, and regretted his cruelty when he heard the sob before she hung up, weakly. A woman in a phone booth on an interstate highway called up to say, "Just passing through, baby, and thought I'd offer you a little." Even Buots called. Morina called. Laum did not call.

When she turned to him that night and began stroking him, the seventh night in a row, he told her he had a belly ache. She laughed and stroked his belly until he didn't have a belly ache anymore. After she went to sleep, he lay awake thinking of ways to kill her. And maybe him. Then maybe himself. But he didn't dwell on the last idea.

"HELLO, BIG BOB. Thanks for playing 'Anniversary Waltz' for my wife's anniversary last night."

"I don't want it here. I want to be away from my house when you give it to me."

"Oh, I'm going to give it to you, all right. And not over this phone either. I'll be at my office at six-thirty to give it to you in person. I want to be the one, in person, to play it for you. Tape. Just like I promised."

"Big Bob, I can't stand it any longer. Your voice goes all over me."

"Tun off day after tomorrow. Sunday."

"So's my husband."

"All right, Carson," said Big Bob. "You've had your joke. And I'm deducting fifty bucks from your fee. I didn't hire you to get your jollies making fun of me."

"The joke's on you, son," said Carson, with a cold look in his eyes.

"It's not funny."

"It was when I first heard it. But I been laughing all night and all day, and now it just strikes me as sad. I feel sorry for her."

"For who?"

"Laura Travis."

"I don't give a damn what you feel. You promised me a tape."

"You're listening to it, Big Bob."

"To what? That's me, talking to a girl."

"That's you, talking to your wife."

"Listen, don't I know my own wife's voice? Fuck over my two-fifty. I'm getting me another man."

"He'll just give you the same tape — different words, same message. You don't get it, do you?"

"No, but you're about to get it, Carson — right in the mouth."

"You know something, Big Bob. You make me sick. You always did. For twenty years you been making me sick. You been making improper advances, you might say, at my wife, all these years, over that radio. I put up with you long enough. I'm enjoying the hell out of this. And you're sitting still for the rest of it. Big Bob. You ain't big. But I am. I ever sit on you, you'll never get up — like a crushed hat in a theater seat. You want to look like that? Then, sit still while I play you the rest of the tape. And this time don't just listen to your own god-damn voice. Listen to hers. Listen the way you never did before, and you'll get the message."

"You're not the only one who can't stand it any longer. I'm walking out of here, and I'm coming over there. Just tell me how to get there."

"You can't leave the station."

"I'll put on an LP. That'll give us thirty minutes."

"It'll take thirty minutes away."

"It just so happens."

"You think I don't want to see you? I want to put my arms and legs around you."

"Hush that talk. If you're trying to twist me in knots, stop trying. You're already done it, honey."

"Your honey voice. You must have a sweet tongue. I'd love to roll it in my mouth like candy."

"Damn you, tell me where you live. I'll make a way, somehow, to see you. I need you Morina."

"I want you to need me, I want you to hate me — all the way, in every way. I sit in the living room all day, staring out that damned picture window, needing you, wanting you."

Carson clicked off the recorder.

"Saw her myself," he said, chewing on a cigar, "through a window. Dish

— turn to page 66

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SHE'S A WINNER!

from page 2

Lovely Sandra decided to become a stripper after reading a story in ADAM!

he was always on the lookout for new girls so I wrote him a letter and sent along a picture of myself in a bathing suit. He wrote back and told me if I ever got out to Hollywood he'd give me an audition and that did it. With about a hundred dollars in my pocket and the letter from Chuck promising me an audition, I bought a bus ticket and headed for California..."

That was how Joni Carson got into stripping. But this is the story of Sandra Darnell and how *she* got into the fine art of the strip tease.

Sandra read the article on Joni Carson in ADAM. At that time she was working as the cigarette girl in another Sunset Strip club.

"I'd had several jobs. I'd been in Hollywood about three years and had worked as a clerk-typist, a sales girl, a model and had just started in a club that featured a Beatles type band. I think I'd been there about a week when I read the article on Joni in ADAM. I put down the magazine and looked at myself in the mirror. I said something like, 'old girl, if she can do it, why can't you?'"

"Anyway that rock and roll music was driving me batty. It's o.k. for the customers. They listen to it because

they want to. But when you work in one of those clubs you *have* to listen to it. There is just no getting away from it.

"The next day I called up Mr. Landis and asked him if he still was on the lookout for new girls—the way it said in your magazine. He gave me an appointment.

"I have to tell you that my heart was beating ninety miles an hour when I went up to his office. Sure, I'd always had sort of a secret ambition to become a stripper but I'd never thought I'd actually be applying for a job as such.

"But Mr. Landis was very nice. He talked to me a few minutes about the usual stuff—what I had been doing, the jobs I'd had. It was just like applying for any other job at first. Then he had me walk back and forth across his office a few times. That was when I really got scared because it looked like he was frowning! Then he called in the woman who helps the girls dress and had her fit me out in a costume. Then we went down stairs and I walked back and forth across the stage a few times. By that time I'd figured it was pretty hopeless.

"You can't imagine how surprised I was when Mr. Landis told me I was

hired.

"And that was when I really got scared. I had no idea what it would be like to take my clothes off before a whole room full of people but I really didn't have much to worry about.

"At the Largo before they let you go on stage you've rehearsed so much that it just seems to come naturally. I think I'd spent about fifty hours working out a routine—with Mr. Landis directing me—before my opening night.

"But I was still pretty nervous the first night I went on stage. As a matter of fact I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. Joni Carson had just replaced Beverly Hills as the Club's headliner and she kept looking at me while I was putting on my make-up. My hands were shaking so much that I was getting gunk all over my face—and the fact that she and the other girls were there only made me more nervous.

"Finally she took me aside and said, 'Look, kid. There's nothing to be shook up about. Those people out there are paying to see you. They want to see you. You concentrate on giving them their money's worth and you'll forget all about your nerves.' And she was right. I thought about them and once out on the stage I forgot all about





"Stripping is fun and I enjoy my work. Besides that it pays well and I enjoy it..."



myself."

Sandra was born in a small city in Northern California. "I had the usual childhood," she told us. "Went to school and made average grades. My ambition in high school was to become a nurse. I even entered nursing school after getting out but I soon found it wasn't for me. The first time I observed an operation I fainted. *That* really nipped that career in the bud.

"Then I moved to Hollywood. In the back of my mind was the idea of getting into some phase of show business but I really didn't know what. I just sort of bounced around until I read the article on Joni in *ADAM* and made up my mind that I'd put my body to

use and become a stripper."

And Sandra has the body to put to use. She curves to a 38-23-37 that has made the Club Largo customers sit up and take notice.

She told us that she keeps in shape by swimming and playing baseball.

"I belong to a girl's baseball team. Last year we set some sort of a record by losing more games than any team ever had before in our league! But it is still fun. In fact it was fun to lose because we got sort of a reputation like the Mets. You know, people were disappointed when we did win a game."

We asked Sandra if she indulged herself in any luxuries now that she

was pulling down a sizable paycheck in her new career.

"Yes. A maid. I hate housework. I think it's dull and the first thing I did was hire a maid to keep house for me. And I spend a lot on perfumes. I love perfume."

As to the men in her life, Sandra says there aren't any right now.

"Nothing steady anyway. I enjoy dating but I don't want to get married for several years because I think it would be very hard to strip and be married too. What if I got pregnant?"

To that we had no answer. You can't tell a lady everything you think!



One minute you're there, the next—poof!—you're ashes. Never a dull moment for drinkers

HISTORIANS CAN'T pinpoint just when the first caveman stumbled over a gourd of forgotten grape and found it fermented. They only record that this happy event was followed forthwith by the formation of the first temperance society.

Teetotalers' techniques have varied over the years, but the wildest scare story of all was the Spontaneous Combustion approach. Dickens believed it. Dostoevsky mentioned it. Doctors swore that it happened. And in enlightened 1966, a subrosa belief in it still smolders.

—turn the page



TEMPEST IN THE TEAPOT: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

by Jeremy H. Greene



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TEMPEST, from page 57

The tale first sparked back in the First Century. Thomas Batholen, on the authority of Vorstius, reported that a tipling centurion had died with flames pouring out of his mouth.

The agony was called spontaneous combustion - an uninvited igniting of the liquor-rich corpus. The idea caught on, never with epidemic popularity, but just enough to be hawked from the rostrum as a warning to potential partakers everywhere.

With the emergence of the Quaker faith and its companion temperance movement in the Seventeenth Century, all the old rumors were resurrected as ready Truth. The belief ignited and spread, until it was commonly accepted in both Europe and the New World.

The hell of it is that no one has ever been able to explain how all those people did die, in flames, without burning anything else in the room with them!

More sinister still, mysterious burning deaths continue to occur. Even at the peak of SC's fame, a majority of medics refused to swallow the story that a watery woman could just burn up. Today, few physicians have even heard of it, nor is it listed in the Index Medicus. And yet the whispers and rumors continue to rustle.

Throughout history, certain classic symptoms cling to every spontaneous combustion case. Victims catch fire, burn with intense blue flame, and are reduced to a heap of ashes not easily recognized as a human form. A stinking oily soot fills the air. Very little besides the victim himself is ever burned - even though he may have been near papers, or lying under sheets.

A number of explanations were put forth during the Nineteenth Century. Temperance forces skimmed off all the theories that blamed alcohol, and blared them from the rooftops. Quietly, a number of other theses circulated through the medical world, which at that time was just developing the science of forensic, crime-solving medicine.

Was the deceased a victim of foul play, or of the unexplained disease? The fate of the next-of-kin rested on whether or not the testifying physician believed in SC. At least two husbands were hanged for setting fire to their wives.

One early physician discovered alcohol in human urine, and concluded that alcohol is not changed in human digestion. His rationale distilled this way: alcohol enters the human body, but does not change. Therefore, a surplus of the demon fluid is stored in muscle and fatty tissue. When enough

is cached away, it burns off, taking the unfortunate host with it.

Spontaneous combustion was labeled "a fable" in 1861 by Dr. Casper in his "Handbook of Forensic Medicine" but meanwhile, a Dr. Willis came up with a new one. He discovered that the kidneys of habitual drunkards couldn't handle all the phosphorus the body needed to discharge. Eventually, the surplus sizzled the repentant drinker, death-wise.

It was a big boost for the SC boys when Charles Dickens, certainly no abstainer himself, used it to dispose of dirty old Mr. Krook in his novel *Bleak House*. The scene is a horror classic as the gin-soaked "Lord Chancellor" of a filthy junk shop dies.

Upstairs in the apartment over Krook's, you'll remember, Cuppy and Weevle first notice the sickening smell. "What in Devil's name," Cuppy gasps. "Look at my fingers."

Dickens gushes, "A thick yellow liquor defiles them, which is offensive to the sight and more offensive to the smell. A stagnant, sickening oil, with some natural repulsion in it that makes them both shudder."

"When he brings the candle, here, from the corner of the window sill, it slowly drips and creeps away down the brick; here lies in a little thick, nauseous pool."

The dripping yellow lard is, of course, the renderings of poor Krook, the one man who could have revealed the connection between Lady Dedlock and our vapid Victorian virgin-heroine, Esther Summerson.

Cuppy and Weevle lunge downstairs and into Krook's lair. They find only a scared and snarling cat.

Krook, well beyond giving up his secret, is a pile of whitish ash and a few cubic yards of floating effluvia. True to the temper of his times, Dickens reduces Krook without burning any nearby furniture. Only the carpeting under the body is singed.

Dickens and his beloved spectre of spontaneous combustion were set down in 1853 by George Henry Lewes, the English writer and scientist who was, incidentally, squaring off that year to ditch his wife and live with George Eliot. A spirited Dickens-Lewes letters exchange in the *London Leader* prompted Dickens to write a new preface to *Bleak House*:

"There is one other point on which I offer a word of remark. The possibility of what is called Spontaneous Combustion has been denied since the death of Mr. Krook; and my good friend Mr. Lewes (quite mistaken as he soon found out) published some ingenious letters to me... arguing that spontaneous combustion could not possibly be."

Dickens held forth for another full page, citing the famous case of Countess Bandi, and quoting La Cat, the noted French surgeon who had recorded several spontaneous combustion deaths. Then Dickens tacked on a case of his own. A dentist in Columbus, Ohio, swore he had seen a local tavern keeper burn to death.

History's best-known chronicler of the strange *mal de flare* was Pierre-Aime Lair, who in 1800 in Paris published his *Essai sur Le Combustions Humaines produites par un long abus des liqueurs spiritueuses*.

Summoning all the cases from the past, and there were plenty, Lair found eight conditions common to all SC deaths. All the victims were heavy drinkers, they were all woman and middle-aged. All caught fire accidentally, and in all cases, some parts of the bodies, usually fingers or toes, were spared.

Lair found that objects near the bodies were never touched by the fire, but that burning was so intense that water couldn't extinguish it. The smell was always thick and sickening, just as Dickens described it, and the sooty-ly fallout was usually enough to bring the neighbors running.

From these findings, Lair then soared on to a whole catalogue of conclusions. He was sure alcohol was stored in the body because he personally had smelled it 24 hours after the charring of one woman. Women were victims because they were more delicate, more sedentary, and spent more time in closed rooms.

Lair broke with Le Cat over the cause of the initial ignition. Le Cat said it was spontaneous. Lair insisted that there had to be a fire source, as in the Caen case where a woman went up after blowing out a candle.

An earlier spontaneous combustion was recorded at Copenhagen in 1692 by Jacobaens. The woman had been devotedly drunk for three years. One night she took fire in her sleep and was reduced to three fingers and a skull.

Lair and his fellows loved Countess Cornelia Bandi of Cesene, who lit in her bed one night in 1863. Her legs and arms lasted the fire, although the body was in ashes. Three fingers turned to coal. The whole house was permeated by an oily suet so offensive that a hungry dog wouldn't eat a piece of bread found downstairs in the kitchen.

The countess' drinking record is lost in time, but it was reported that she took a nightly bath in camphorated spirits of wine. Still, it gave Lair plenty to think about. After all, he'd seen witches burned at the stake, and it took whole wagonloads of faggots

to consume the bodies. Yet these victims accomplished glorious, hungry, incredibly hot fires all by themselves!

Then there was Marie Clews, a rum-soaked hag who prowled the house at night sucking her pipe. At 11:30 one night, she locked herself in her room. By 5:30 the next morning, the neighbors were gagging in the streets over the smell. Lair himself entered the bedroom two hours after the well-done remains were found. He noted that nothing was burned but Marie, not even some delicate furniture near her!

Grace Pitt, the wife of an Ipswich fish peddler, was another pipe-smoking rummy. She overimbibed while celebrating the return of a son from Cibraltar. It was in April, 1744, according to the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London.

Grace was found "stretched out on the right side with her head on the grate; the body extended on the hearth with the legs on the floor... consumed without apparent flames."

"On beholding this spectacle, the dowered ran in great haste and poured two large vessels of water over her mother to extinguish the fire, while the fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from her body almost suffocated some of the neighbours."

Grace's head, arms and thighs were humed, and the trunk resembled a "heap of coals." Yet there had been no fire in the grate or candles!

There was a newer, more exciting angle in a case of *incendies spontanes* reported by Le Cat at Rheims on February 20, 1725. The wife of a man named Millet got a glow on one night. By the time the townsfolk discovered where the smell was coming from, Madame was a pile of vertebrae, part of a skull, and a couple of fingers.

Mais attendez! Cherchez the chic little maid who completed the *menage a trois*. Even in 1725, there were those suspicious spoilsports who were sure that spontaneous combustion was just another way to spell murder.

Millet eventually beat the crime-of-passion rap, but he died a ruined man. Others, over the years, weren't so lucky.

Perhaps coincidentally, the forces of prohibition were marching ahead in those years, bullied forward by such masterworks as the 1774 treatise, "The Mighty Destroyer Displayed, in Some Account of the Dreadful Havock made by the mistaken Use as well as Abuse of Distilled Spirituous Liquors." And that was only the title.

A woman in Boisseon was found ablaze in her chair on February 22, 1749. A friend who tried to slap out the fire found his hands alight. Even

—turn to page 60



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TEMPEST, from page 59

water couldn't put her out. Marie Jauffret torched off in 1779. Mlle. Thiars, an old maid, put away three bottles of wine and a *demoiselle* of eau de vie the day she inebriated.

There was the priest of Bergamo. And the somewhat ripened corpse in Pisa that exploded. And three noblemen in Courland who never should have started that drinking contest.

The list had only to be paraded out once, and any intelligent reader was a candidate for the Pledge.

Johann Heinrich Kopp entered the field for Germany, with his "*Ausführliche Darstellung und Untersuchung der Selbstverbrennungen des menschlichen Körpers*," which was published in 1811 at Frankfurt.

Of the eighteen cases Kopp cites, some were personally known to him, and some were men. Most, he states, were alcoholics and weakened by illness or old age.

Kopp opted for ignition by static electricity, which was in vogue that year, and said that the fire was caused by hydrogen burning in the tissues. This was, at least, a leap forward from the doctor who had written earlier in Leydon that some men and animals shot sparks out of their eyes.

Lair winds up his essay with a bow to the abstinence forces, which was quoted for years afterwards in America. "Young persons distracted by other passions are not much addicted to drinking, but when love, departing with youth, leaves a vacuum in the mind, if its place be not supplied by ambition or interest, a taste for gaming, or religious fervor, it generally falls prey to intoxication."

"May man never forget that the vine sometimes produces very bitter fruit—disease, pain, repentance and death!" By the 1830's, some American physicians were even blaming the cholera epidemic on the bottle.

Lair's famous essay was brought to America in an English translation which appeared in the *Empirium of Arts and Sciences*, published in Philadelphia in 1812. Lair's warning was clear, or was it?

Following his spontaneous combustion warning in that volume, there was an article on how to grow grapes for wine.

By the time *Crime and Punishment* appeared in 1866, spontaneous combustion was apparently so fully accepted that Dostoevsky could mention it in simple passing.

Raskolnikov had committed the murder and is leafing through the newspapers for news of the crime. He reads the lead stories, "an accident on a staircase, spontaneous combustion of a shopkeeper from alcohol, a fire in

Peski . . ."

An obituary in an 1897 Danville, Illinois daily moaned, "The death was tragic, but since the deceased was a heavy drinker, he was expected to die soon of spontaneous combustion anyway."

Early in this century, George Bernard Shaw, hearing of the hotel-fire death of a friend quipped, "Must have been spontaneous combustion." He was joking, but his contemporaries knew what the term meant.

America's chief spokesmen for the SC forces was Dr. Thomas Trotter, a gut fighter in the temperance ranks,

smolder to death, a sad lump of skinless, screaming carrion.

The hue and cry were carried forward by Schofield, Trotter, and a Dr. Nott, who called drinking a "violation of the laws of life." Spontaneous combustion was, he intoned, a "token of God's displeasure."

What they didn't know was that much earlier, the alcohol theory had been found faulting. Museum specimens, which had soaked in alcohol for years, were set afire. The outer skin would burn away, and there the fire would stop.

J. C. Furnas dismisses spontaneons



His favorite story was quoted from Dr. Peter Schofield, who was certainly no nunny in his day.

Schofield, who practiced in Ontario, reported that he was called in one night for a 25-year-old man who was liquored well beyond his years. Schofield wrote, "I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

A blacksmith had found the man flaming in his shop, where no fire had been burning. He jerked the victim to the floor, which snuffed out the flames. But for thirteen days, Dr. Schofield watched the young man

combustion in two pages in his recent book, "The Life and Times of the Great Demon Rum" and chalks it all up to primitive science and probstinence hysteria.

Actually, other theories did appear to take the spotlight off alcohol as the culprit. In 1894, the suspect was carbon monoxide, accumulated in the body because the person spent too much time sitting in overheated rooms. To prove it, the researcher kept a rabbit for 169 days in a CO-rich atmosphere, then set fire to it.

He had to stew a rooster for eight months in the polluted air before it

would burn with any enthusiasm. Even then, the fire didn't have the scorching, scalding power of the combustion that had reduced whole humans to lacy ashes.

Still, most of those who believed in spontaneous combustion at all, went on pointing the finger at booze. The fight isn't over yet.

John Rathbone Oliver published *Spontaneous Combustion - A Literary Curiosity* in Chicago in 1937. He ties up Kopp, Lair, and Schofield, and resurrects all the old French and English cases.

Even after raking out the flotsam, Oliver concludes, you have to admit that some of those old doctors certainly knew a burned corpse when they saw one. And anyone who hangs around a crematorium can tell you that people just don't burn that easily.

Besides, there were scientists of the calibre of Le Cat, Schofield, and Visq-d'Azry who saw it happen. There was the mystery of why furniture and floors didn't burn, even though a waterlogged body had steamed away to ash. No, Oliver wasn't going to be the one to say it couldn't happen, but he does venture some views on why it hadn't happened lately.

First, says Oliver, we're quaffing a better quality of corn these days. Second, we have fewer open fires, from which a spark could start something. "We very seldom see an open fire, and heat comes from radiators or similar arrangements," he writes.

"I do not believe that the most pronounced alcoholic could produce a spontaneous combustion by sitting on a hot radiator. She might burn herself, but not burn herself up. In modern life, therefore, it becomes less and less likely that alcoholics come in direct contact with flames.

"Almost all the cases that we have cited from our three authorities were poor people who had to get drunk on very little money and who must, therefore, have been forced to buy the very lowest, vilest type of gin and other spirits. We may, therefore, feel more or less assured that if we restrict ourselves to really good Scotch and Rye and if we avoid open fires and sit on radiators, we shall not, in all probability, combust spontaneously."

The history of the baffling blazes was reviewed in 1952 for the Northwestern *Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science* by Dr. Lester Adelson, an instructor in legal medicine at Western Reserve School of Medicine.

Spontaneous combustion is, he says, "a relic of an age which loved the marvelous, the miraculous, and the seemingly inexplicable, which titillated the mind and imagination of scientist

and layman." Belief in SC died, because "Only the slow process of intellectual attrition and gradual intellectual awakening placed (it) in (its) proper focus."

Was spontaneous combustion just a hoax, thrown up by the rising riot of prohibition sentiment? Or did these dozens of victims actually braise to ashes as their doctors said they did? If they did, how important was alcohol?

Liquor did seem to be to blame in most cases, but not all victims were drunkards. Writing about spontaneous combustion in the British Medical Journal in 1922, Dr. Dixon Mann told of patients who formed such inflammable gases that they were burned belching.

Every so often, we read of an unexplained fire death, and we wonder. Allan W. Eckert, writing in *True* magazine, listed a number of recent burnings, including a woman in Sheldonsford, England who burst into intense blue flame in the middle of a dance floor. Within minutes, she was a pile of ashes. That was in 1938.

In 1951, a St. Petersburg, Florida woman burned away, according to Eckert, in a case so bizarre that both the F.B.I. and famed pathologist Dr. Wilton Krogman could not explain it. Dr. Krogman's experiments with burning flesh and bone showed that it would have taken temperatures of about 5000 degrees to do what had been done to the poor woman.

No inflammable fluids were involved. Lightning and electricity were ruled out. So was the possibility that she had been burned elsewhere and brought back to her living room. Surrounding furniture was barley touched. And yet a 175-pound woman was reduced to ashes weighing about 10 pounds.

The case is still unsolved, as are others that Eckert chalks up to spontaneous combustion. He tells of a baby found dead in its crib in Rockford, Illinois; a woman who burned in her rocker, a 1956 burn in Benecia, California. None were officially labeled spontaneous combustion because no responsible authority will say that such a thing exists.

Many burning deaths remain unsolved. And many people are willing to go on blaming booze for it.

Prohibition flared, and then died so doornail-dead that even tales of blazing bodies can't awaken it. But still the questions come. Does spontaneous combustion exist?

Long years ago, the temperance flag was run down the SC flagpole. But it stays folded in folklore, ready to unfurl again. ☐



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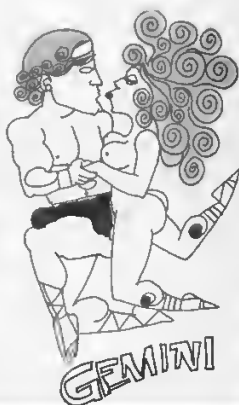
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THE STARS FORETELL

by RICHARD VON ASHBY



CANCER



LEO

VIRGO



IMPORTANT! Look only at your own sign, and keep your nose out of other folk's Astrals. The laws of the stars are almost military in precision, and . . . after all . . . you don't see no General snooping around his Privates.

MARCH 21 TO APRIL 20 (ARIES)

This sign comes down to us from the ancient cockney. It means "Belonging to Harry," so don't go around taking Aries' stuff, see! One of the stars in this House, Pincus 3, is a dwarf star and very hot. Another, Zinch 16, is crossing its path. So what you got, you got this hot dwarf being messed with by a star which got no idea how mean a hot dwarf can get. This means you can look for some pretty nasty surprises this month. If this is your sign, best you get in bed and cover up. And stay there for 30 days. True, you'll have a stinky bed, but it's your own damn fault for being born an Aries!

APRIL 21 TO MAY 21 (TAURUS)

This sign originated in the ancient and very backward country of Suruat. In their language, Suruat is a filthy word . . . which caused them no end of embarrassment when they sang their national anthem. A synonym for this word, however, is Llub . . . which in reverse is Bull. This is of considerable zodiacal concern

—turn the page

CAPRICORN



AQUARIUS

PISCES





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TILLIE MEETS HER MATCH
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STARS, from page 63

to people who have been charged by a reversed bull. Because when this funky Klub backs into you the fit hits the Shan! This month the House of Taurus is under heavy influence by Mars and Pincus 3. Also by a rocket which the Russians lost. It all adds up so that you should trust everybody. Lend money! Cash checks for strangers! Cosign your brother-in-law's notes. I promise, you will get just what's coming to you.

MAY 22 TO JUNE 21 (GEMINI)

This means "The Twins," and was invented by a frustrated Phoenician who had failed three times at inventing Halloween. Originally it was "Jim and I," but you know how lip-sloppy folks are. Taurns people are acting up like nuts. Find rich ones who read this column and clean up. Send me half as a love offering. Now, for all you girls who are Cernine, this promises to be a sweet, beautiful month. You see, honeys, right now men are interested only in your fine mind and in being your chum. So if a man asks you to visit his apartment, or to week-end with him in his Ford camper, why you just go right ahead. What he's after is, he's after a nice platonic relationship. Think of him as your big brother!

JUNE 22 TO JULY 23 (CANCER)

Gemini dames are acting like nuts. Find peachy ones who read this column, rent a Ford camper, and clean up. Send me the ones who enjoyed it all. What to expect from this month? It ain't just all happy. Evil influences are forecast for the following undertakings: Crashing a '58 Edsel into Stalin's tomb; petting black panthers in zoos; and drinking while skateboarding on the Ventura Freeway. Do none of these things. Instead bring four Gemini girls and a case of Scotch to my house. (Incidentally, this sign means Crabs. So maybe you better be extra careful when picking the babes!)

JULY 24 TO AUGUST 23 (LEO)

In ancient Babylonia this sign meant Metro Goldwyn Mayer. So right away, all you smart asses should tumble to the fact that these are going to be pretty damn confused for all you Leos, you poor kids. During this period Venus is in ascension and all ready, but no planet is going to make it up to her. She is over-ready and under-satisfied, and you know what about a Venus scorned! So hide. Maybe like by changing your job. Try bob sledding in downtown Panama. That's safe. As for poor Venus, don't worry! I have a tip from an Astrologer buddy in Florida that a Ford camper has just been launched from Cape Kennedy... part

of our Foreign Aid program.

AUGUST 24 TO SEPTEMBER 23 (VIRGO)

Girls, have you lived up to this symbol of your birthday. You know it means Virginity? Oh... I see! Yes, I understand. There was this guy with the cute little Ford camper, and he... How awful! Seven times! No, Sally Mae, you can't be a technical Virgo. Modern Astrology has something better for you. Read on!

SEPTEMBER 23 1/2 TO OCTOBER 22 1/4 (INEON)

Boy, are you lucky! At considerable expense, I have invented a new sign for you which I have named after Leon Neen, the inventor of dirt. (After all, someone had to find a way of using up surplus soap, didn't they?) Neen is for all of you who haven't cut it under your natural birthday. It gives you a chance to change, a second wind to blow (you'll excuse the expression). The stars having big influences are Mars, Noel Coward, and Anita Eckberg... because, after all, if you were born under Neen it was kinda exposed and public, wasn't it? Your Kindly Astrologer holds franchise rights to this sign, so simply send ten dollars for membership and to cover my living expenses. Your birthstone will be sent you. A pebble. Your lucky numbers (in Blackjack) are 7 and 14. You're welcome.

SEPTEMBER 23 TO OCTOBER 22 (LIBRA)

This is a rotten sign you got yourself born underneath. It means "Library" (or "Book"... I ain't too sure) but if you got born under either one you gotta be sorta odd. Better you should go back and not come out until you've had a 14 month pregnancy, you'd be better off. In looking at your rather smudgy Astrological Blueprint I find I would not only not want to be in your shoes, but not even in your bare feet! For you, buddy, everything is coming up skink cabbage. I put my hat over my heart. (If you like, though, I can get you in Neen for \$10. Think it over, fate's fool!)

OCTOBER 23 TO NOVEMBER 22 (SCORPIO)

According to my calculations there's gonna be three full moons this month. (I use the multiplication tables on the back of a Big Five school tablet, so my figuring ain't far off.) So, I want all you Scorps to watch very close for tell-tale signs like a great increase in body hair, your teeth getting awful long, and your nails growing out. Either clean yourself up, or see the casting director at Universal. If he don't co-

operate, eat him. (I warn you, though, a casting director is awfully hard to clean.)

NOVEMBER 23 TO DECEMBER 31 (SAGITTARIUS)

What you are is, you're closely tied to Venus, which is going "Twinkle, twinkle." This means you are being turned on and off... like you could leap at a lady, then jump back off. Best you stay off the streets. Or maybe find you a Sagittarius girl who is also twinkling.

DECEMBER 22 TO JANUARY 19 (CAPRICORN)

Your birth sign looks like the result of a ram who has been bred to a fat snake. This is probably what makes you so nasty. The stars indicate you should get into some constructive activity with your hands... like counterfeiting or raising checks. On your luckiest day the thing what happens to you during this cycle is that you will get mumps and they will fall lower down on you. Lots of laughs like this in store. Have fun!

JANUARY 20 TO FEBRUARY 18 (AQUARIUS)

Saturn is out conjunctioning with Venus, so don't nobody go out and look up! Hear? (Hey kiddies, if this is your birth sign and you want to see something kinky, sneak a peek through the skylight at the stars. Organize peep

shows for all the kids in your neighborhood gang. Charge 25 cents and send me half.) This sign means that you're on the wagon or raising fish. I ain't quite sure, but just to be safe, wash good, anyway. Your lucky number for this month is Zero (0), which I admit I don't understand none too well unless it's got something dirty to do with Venus, who is up there all open in flagrant delictus conjunction with Saturn. But, after all, modern Astrology ain't no Breen office!

FEBRUARY 19 TO MARCH 20 (PISCES)

More flourishing interest in the Astral Racket has been halted because of this sign, on account of beginners can't pronounce it without being on the Berkeley campus. The proper mousing of it is "pise-keys," or is it "ple-skiis?" I dunno, call it something but make it anything than "pissies." In almost any company saying it this way will brand you as a dirty month amateur. Aside from learning to pronounce your sign OK, nothing much else is important. You'll get your lumps without knowing nothing about all the scientific and intellectual jazz. Just remember that Pisces means (probably) "Fishy" or "mighty queer" and that your harmonious clothing colors are Heliotrope, Lavender, and Lime-Rose. Wear them all together some night. And remember me to the Vice Squad, sweets. Happy camping. ☼



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BIG BOB, from page 51

towel over the mouthpiece. She'd just finished wiping off the kitchen table where she ate her supper alone. Then she laid down on the bed, and that was what she said. After she hung up, she laid there in a hot fit till you come home. That's when I left you two love birds together. I respect the privacy of married lovers, see... No. Hell, keep the rest of the money. The pleasure's all mine. Now get out of here while you can still get up out of that chair."

"SOFTLY SOFTLY, softly, baby."
"Morina."

"You don't sound like yourself tonight, Bob. The way you introduced that Kitty Welles song. It sounded odd. I had to call. Are you all right?"
"Morina, I'm coming to you tonight."

"Please, honey, don't start that again. We can't do it."

"Listen, Morina, and listen very damned carefully. If you don't give me your address, I'm going to do something really crazy. I don't know what, but it will be crazy and you will wish I hadn't done it, and so will I. But I've got to see you."

"You mean it, don't you?"

"I mean, I love you to where I'm a desperate man." He wanted to say her name, Laura, Laura, Laura, but the moment he was setting up would be worth the delay.

"Then promise."

"What?"

"That you'll wait until you sign off."

"Promise."

"235 East Court Street, Bob, I love you, I love you so much I —"

She hung up.

Bob dialed Bix Lester, the station manager.

"Hello, Bix. This is Big Bob. Listen, I'm putting on an LP, then I'm leaving the control board. You got roughly thirty minutes to make it over here before the dead air sets in."

"Yeah, Big Bob. Very funny. A real gut-buster."

"You don't believe me?"

"Sure."

"Tough if you don't."

Bob tossed the phone into the cradle and, without looking, reached into the rack behind him and put a record on the turn-table.

"This is WCOC, your music, news, and sports station in the country music capital of the world, Nashville, Tennessee. You're listening to Big Bob Night Owl Show."

Five minutes later, he was in his driveway, slipping out of his Jaguar. Leaving the motor running he ran into the house.

She was gone. For a moment he

had a wild sense of certainty that Laura was, after all, out with some man, maybe even with Carson himself. Then he saw the note on his pillow, held down with a small transistor radio that he had given her for Christmas so she could move through the house and into the yard, and have his voice always with her while he was broadcasting. Military band music was coming from some other station, he imagined.

"Dear Bob,

I'm leaving you. I tried to stay with you, but now I know for certain you don't love me. You're in love with a girl named Morina. You want her so much that I knew I can never mean as much to you as she does. When I heard about you and other girl named Boots, I called you up to ask you to come straight home. I wanted to talk with you about her, to find out if we could still live together and be happy. But while the phone was ringing, I had an impulse to disguise my voice, just to see what you would say to a strange girl calling you up. It made me feel so odd to hear you talking to me, thinking I was some sexy girl in a hotel room that I kept pretending, thinking any second you would catch me, recognize my voice, even though it was disguised. And then I realized that it got me excited, hearing you talk that way. So I did it again, every night last week and tonight too, because you never talked to me, like that. But it made me feel so cheap, and I hated myself for doing it, till I felt like some kind of whore or something. I can't live with you any longer. I'm not going to tell you where I'm going. You'll probably be glad I'm gone. Now, you won't have to ship around with girls like Boots and Morina. Morina lied to you that first night, about being in some hotel room. I'll call you one last time from the airport, then tonight I'll lie on a strange hotel bed in a strange town, listening to a strange voice on the radio.

Love, Laura."

He stood beside the bed with the note in his hand, and the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner" made him feel that it was very late and that every bone in his body was weary. But the bedside clock said seven-thirty and then he saw that the radio dial was on 1240 and realized what record he had put on the turntable. The cymbals crashed, the bass drums rolled, the trumpets blared. Then stopped. And as he heard the needle scratching at the end of the record, he fell over on the bed and wept Big Bob tears.



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inside Adam

BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN Sex Siren **CLAUDIA CARDINALE** talks about sex and marriage (p. 4) . . . Another Jack the Ripper is stalking London (p. 14) . . . A wild-and-wooly spoof on astrology (p. 62) . . . plus three delightful nudes who bared all for ADAM's cameras: Lyn Tie (p. 10), Christine Reed (p. 32) and Sandra Darnell (p. 52) and three new short stories by America's promising young writers! . . . all **INSIDE ADAM!**





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